

The Nation.

VOL. III.—NO. 75.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1866.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
TWELVE CENTS PER COPY.

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E. L. GODKIN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 130 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

The Week.

THE President's Message calls for no comment, and will hardly repay anybody for the trouble of reading it who is familiar with his former messages and has read any of the speeches delivered by him during his late tour. He seems to have "settled down on a conviction" which neither facts nor arguments can shake. An illustration of the mischief which a foolish or ignorant man can do when placed in a high position, may be found in the effect produced on the temper of Congress by Mr. Johnson's proceedings during the past summer. The House of Representatives, at least, seems to be so exasperated and so determined to punish him, that it actually takes pains to give its proceedings an appearance of recklessness, solely for the purpose of displaying its contempt for the President. We say "solely," because the bill depriving him of the power to amnesty rebels would be just as effective if passed after a decent amount of discussion as when passed without any discussion under the majority gag. The only thing gained by haste is to give a little more sting to an expression of contempt. The probabilities are that Mr. Johnson's influence in legislation is at an end, and that his "policy" will play no part hereafter in reconstruction. He has become, in fact, a "body hanging on the verge of the Government." That he will find the position pretty uncomfortable, it is quite safe to predict.

THE extreme dulness of the Message is a little relieved by a point of interest when Mr. Johnson comes to speak of Mexico, and succeeds in saying nothing in regard to Sherman's mission, and in saying what may mean something in regard to the Emperor Napoleon. Nobody knows any better than before why General Sherman was sent; and everybody knows just as well as before. But, doubtless, Congress will so manage that Mr. Johnson's surplussage of political shrewdness and General Sherman's lack of it will be unable, either alone or together, to make a "foreign diversion" and turn people's attention from the South. Of France the President says, after complaining that the Emperor has not moved a portion of his troops according to agree-

ment: "It is believed after the evacuation of Mexico by the expeditionary forces, no subject for serious differences between France and the United States would remain. The expressions of the Emperor and people of France warrant hope that the traditional friendship between the two countries might, in that case, be renewed and permanently restored"—all which, as diplomatic language goes, are not silken phrases; and if the despatch which Mr. Bigelow is said to have read to the Emperor was of the same tenor and in the same tone, there was ground for the Emperor's temper being unpleasantly affected by it, and for his wonder why Mr. Seward, knowing very well that the troops were going to be moved, should have thought fit to write in that way.

THE income of the United States, it appears by Secretary McCulloch's report, for the fiscal year ending with June 30, 1866, was \$1,273,960,215 20; the expenditures in the same time \$1,141,072,676 09, so that on the first day of July there was a balance on hand of \$132,877,549 11. During the quarter ending September 30th, this balance was increased by \$9,581,240 08. The amount of the public debt on October 31st of this year, deducting the cash then in the Treasury, was \$2,551,424,121 20, which was less by \$206,379,565 71 than the debt of August 31, 1865. "These statements," as the Secretary says, "are in the highest degree encouraging." The enactment of wise revenue laws, and their faithful execution, will, in the Secretary's opinion, ensure the payment of the debt by the generation that created it; though he believes that so rapid a reduction as has been going on of late is not to be expected and perhaps is not desirable. Mr. McCulloch regrets that his views in regard to the diminution of the currency, though apparently shared by Congress, were not supported by appropriate legislation; and he treats at some length some rudimentary principles of political economy, as, for instance, that when the balance of trade is against a country, that balance must be paid in money. The money balance to be paid by the United States is a large one. We exported last year merchandise of the value in gold of \$415,965,459, and our imports were worth \$423,975,036, the balance against us being \$8,009,577. But, according to Mr. McCulloch, the systematic undervaluation of imported merchandise, and the immense deal of smuggling done, make it necessary to estimate the real balance at nearly \$100,000,000. "On no other ground," he says—no other ground than the inaccuracy of custom-house estimates—"can the fact be accounted for that a very large amount of American bonds is now held in Europe"—the total value of the bonds of the United States, of the several States, and of various railroads, being \$600,000,000. The present financial condition of the country, Mr. McCulloch holds, may be thus described: "Then specie is demonetized, and trade becomes uncertain in its results; then prices advance as the volume of the currency increases; then speculation becomes rife, and 'the few are enriched at the expense of the many'; then industry declines and extravagance is wanton; then, with a diminution of products, and consequently of exports, there is an increase of imports, and higher tariffs are required," etc., etc. Mr. McCulloch proposes remedies. 1st, National banks to redeem notes at the Atlantic cities; 2d, Curtailment of the currency, to be effected by withdrawal of United States notes and no increase of national bank notes; 3d, In a careful revision of the tariff, one good bill to replace all the acts now in force; 4th, An absorption of the six per cent. bonds now held in Europe, by taking them in payment for an issue of 5-20 bonds payable in England and Germany; and 5th, The rehabilitation of the South. Free trade, the Secretary thinks, is far in the future; although it is "in accord with the principles of the Government and the instincts of the people, it cannot be adopted as a policy as long as the public debt exists in anything like its present magnitude."

The whole report well repays perusal, and a majority of voters will even find it not dry reading.

THE report of the Secretary of War naturally yields the first place in point of interest to that of the head of the Treasury Department. Disbanding volunteers, of whom there are left in service only 11,043 men, white and colored; collecting, storing, or selling material of war; recruiting the regular army, experimenting with arms, planning harbor and river improvements and defences, and carrying on the Freedmen's Bureau, have been the main business of the Department since May, 1865. Breech-loading arms are in process of manufacture, and the Secretary declares his belief that in the altered Springfield rifle, with its metallic cartridge, we have a better arm with better ammunition than the Prussians have in their needle-gun. In regard to the vexed question of the proportion which the number of white people fed by the Department bore and bears to the number of black people so dependent, we suppose the Secretary's word would be conclusive if he were to speak with sufficient clearness. Up to May 30, 1866, the number of black people drawing rations seems to have been the greater; on that day the number of whites on the lists of destitute persons having gradually increased, black paupers and white were equally numerous; since June 30, 1866, the two classes seem to have been growing smaller and to have been diminishing equally. The State, county, and parish authorities, the Secretary says, have, with very few exceptions, failed to take on themselves the support of the poor, and throughout the South the Government supports, through the agency of the Freedmen's Bureau, over 20,000 people. Over 150,000 are in schools.

IN Postmaster-General Randall's lovers of the curious will find more food than in any other of the yearly reports. For instance, he informs us that more than eight thousand soldiers' discharges got into the dead-letter office during the year ending June 30th. The whole number of dead letters was about four and a half millions. Foreign countries sent to the United States in that year 4,543,630 letters, and we sent abroad, chiefly to Europe, 4,286,916. As was expected, now that the rebellion is at an end and the mail has to be carried South again, the cost of carrying it brings the revenues of the Department down below the expenditures, the deficit last year being \$965,093, and the estimated deficit of the current year being still greater. The money-order system and the system of free delivery in large towns will no doubt be continued in force as the Secretary recommends, for he proves them to be not only pleasant to the public, but on the whole profitable to the Government.

THE reports of Generals Sheridan and Sickles, sent in by General Grant, are extremely interesting, as giving us a picture, of which we cannot doubt the accuracy, of the social condition of the South. More instructive testimony as to the value of the protection which white courts extend to black men it would be impossible to have—or testimony more corroborative of the opinion we have all along expressed in these columns, that the exceptional character of the relations between the two races at the South renders of little value all rules drawn from the experience of most other countries in the work of reconstruction. The case of Jamaica seems to be the only one which throws much light on our path. We know what the history of white legislation there is. The new Governor declared, in a formal speech the other day, that the judicial organization of the island was such that justice was practically denied to all poor men, and that the recovery of wages, for instance, by legal process was practically impossible. Very soon afterwards the grand jury ignored the bill against Ramsay, the notorious provost-marshal, who took such a leading part in the hangings and floggings under Gov. Eyre, and who, in one case, actually hanged a man for writhing under the lash! Finding a bill of indictment, it must be remembered, is not finding a man guilty. It is simply saying that there is enough evidence against him to warrant a trial. The judge laid down the law on the subject with such stringency, and the facts were so clear, that the finding of the bill against Ramsay seemed inevitable. But it was nevertheless ignored, almost without deliberation, as if for the purpose of showing the con-

tempt of the white men of the island for law and public opinion in all cases in which blacks were concerned. At the South we find that, according to General Sheridan, the trial of whites for offences against freedmen and Union men is a mere "farce." The legal form which the ferocious prejudice of the planter class takes has sometimes a touch of grim humor about it. Two soldiers were murdered in cold blood in Texas. The grand jury ignored the bills against the murderers, but indicted Major Smith, of the Seventeenth Infantry, for "burglary," for breaking into a house in an attempt to arrest them. In South Carolina, General Sickles's report shows that the recent legislative admission of the blacks to civil rights is merely words on paper. Magistrates will not issue warrants against persons guilty of the robbery or murder of the colored people and Unionists; sheriffs will not arrest them, or, if arrested by the military, let them escape from custody; and juries will not convict them. In fact, there is no security for life or limbs of persons obnoxious to the majority, except such as the scanty garrisons can afford. We, who hold that the protection of the weak and obnoxious is the first duty of government, are therefore in favor of as many, and as strong, garrisons as may be necessary to render crime and lawlessness so terrible to the ruling class at the South that they will become only too glad to provide security for everybody themselves. So far from trusting any human being to their generosity, we would keep them dependent for everything on our generosity until they had learned the first lesson of civilized life.

WHILE Governor Worth of North Carolina was writing his message, in which he sagaciously recommends the deportation of the bulk of the laboring population of the State, a large number of his fellow-citizens, Mr. John Pool among them, who is one of the most respectable and ablest of North Carolinians, were holding an agricultural meeting in Bertie County. Bertie is one of the finest counties in the State, productive of corn and cotton, washed on three sides by navigable waters, penetrated by a river deep enough to float any craft which can navigate any North Carolina river, and the county town is within a day's journey by steamboat of the city of Norfolk. But two-thirds of all the land in Bertie is covered with a forest, and of the cleared land more than half is not under cultivation. So, while the Governor is either clumsily sneering or is seriously recommending the Legislature to take steps that would reduce still more of the State to a wilderness, the farmers of Bertie naturally enough are passing resolutions pledging themselves to treat with civility and kindness Northern farmers who will come among them and settle, and help to develop the resources of the country. It is not men like these who deliberately write or speak such folly as the Governor has been guilty of. Indeed, such men as he are, we are persuaded, so few in number that it is not necessary to wish that they might be made to try for a year or two life on the plantations, with no negroes and with their "quarters" full of Germans, say, or two factions of Irish, or Englishmen not fond of Indian corn.

MR. GREELEY's allocution, published in the *Tribune* a week ago before his departure for the West, and giving his views upon the various political topics now before the public, has evidently, to say the least, not increased his chance of the senatorship. "The Universal Amnesty, Universal Suffrage Scheme," of which he seems disposed to make himself the apostle, and, if need be, the martyr, does not find favor with the public, and this formal advocacy of it on the solemn occasion of his commencing a long journey has revived the memory of some strange plans produced by him not very long ago, both for the prosecution and for the termination of the war. In fact, the country is coming rapidly to the conclusion to which it has been for some time tending, and at which we have modestly, if not obscurely, hinted once or twice, that Mr. Greeley's extraordinary powers are those of an advocate, a conscientious one, we admit, but one whom it does not do to entrust with the selection of his own causes.

"ADMIRAL" SEMMES has at last found a haven. After a stormy career as a pirate, and a still stormier one as judge of probate and editor of a daily paper, he has become professor of "moral philosophy and belles-lettres" in some college in Louisiana. The more one hears

of this gentleman, the more one is astonished by his versatility. There appears to be no position in life for which he is not fitted. We must say, however, that in spite of his wonderful powers, we fear the quality of his "moral philosophy" and of his "belles-lettres" may not be exactly all that anxious parents would desire. The only excellence of those specimens of his written style which we have had the pleasure of examining has been an Asiatic richness, in which it would be dangerous for anybody else to imitate; but about his "moral philosophy" we know very little, and that little is not favorable. If he does not like his place, we have very little doubt another can be found for him in some other Southern institution of learning as an instructor in Biblical exegesis, or the civil law, or Sanscrit, or organic chemistry, or music, or polite letter-writing—nothing will come amiss.

A FREE-SCHOOL bill was introduced into the Tennesseean Legislature last week, and indefinitely postponed by a vote of 32 to 26. There are said to be 78,000 adult whites in the State who can neither read nor write.

THE pastor of the Church of the New Dispensation at Confederate Cross-roads we suppose to be the proper person to offer a few remarks on the recent charge of a county judge in Florida—Long is his name, and the editorials of the *Richmond Examiner* are his models: "I fear," says he, "that the time is not far distant when the American people shall [will] have cause to believe that it is far better that our country should be ruled by a despot with a glittering tiara on his head" [and his picture in all the geographies, we venture to add], "than by the authors of the Civil Rights bill, whose animosity, etc., and who have not the magnanimity, etc., etc." We doubt very much whether the "tiara" will be the form of head-dress worn by the American despot. A modification of the "soft hat" would be more appropriate and becoming. But a committee of the "knights" who figure in Southern tournaments would be the proper men to report upon it.

THE news from the European continent is unimportant. Count Bismark has gone back to his post, and all the sovereigns, especially the French, are busy considering how they can raise as large an army as Prussia. The difficulties all have to encounter are immense. The same number of men may be secured in France or Austria, but it would be by a very much greater drain on the vitality of the country. The vital force, the capacity to bear great strains, which Prussia draws from the education of her people, few governments yet understand.

THE long-promised reform demonstration in London has turned out a great success, as far as numbers and enthusiasm were concerned. The troops were confined to their barracks in preparation for a disturbance, but their services were not called for, and the procession had possession of the most crowded thoroughfares for some hours. The American flag figured amongst the ensigns and the "Wearing of the Green" amongst the tunes played by the bands—all marks of the great upheaving which our war has brought about in European society. As we anticipated, the announcement of "a great rising" in Ireland, which was made in big type by the daily papers last week, has turned out a hoax. "Ireland is" not "in arms," or likely to be. James Stephens is about as likely "to take the field before the first of January with 100,000 men," as he made a privy councillor. In the present condition of Ireland, it is as much as any Fenian can do to keep a pistol in his breeches-pocket in his own house, and it will take all James Stephens's energies and resources to keep out of one of the county jails, if he ever ventures into the country at all, which we hold to be doubtful. The writers on this side of the water who affected to believe his rhodomontade, and helped him to swindle the servant-girls, are now reading solemn homilies to the Fenians on the folly of their enterprise. A little of this sermonizing six months ago would have been of some use; at present it is thrown away, or only proves the effrontery of the preachers.

THE FREEDMEN.

GEN. HOWARD's report shows that the number of rations issued to refugees and freedmen from June 1, 1865, to Sept. 1, 1866, was 13,412,273. The usual increase of distress with the approach of winter will be aggravated by the shortness of the crops, and the monthly issue of rations will probably, therefore, be enlarged. There are, of men, women, and children attending school in the late rebel States, about 150,000. Outrages, though by no means wholly repressed, are not so numerous as they were a year ago. The Bureau controls 275,000 acres of land and 1,100 town and city lots. For the ensuing fiscal year an appropriation of \$3,386,300 is asked by the Commissioner.

—The Bureau superintendent of education in Georgia, in his report for October, reckons the number of schools at 48, teachers 63, and pupils 2,755. Thirty-four of these schools and 1,163 pupils are sustained entirely by the freedmen; the rest by the benevolence of the North. Twenty-three of the teachers are colored, for the most part very imperfectly qualified. The contributions of the freedmen during October reached \$1,000. A bill has been introduced in the Georgia Legislature "to provide for education and to establish a general system of Georgia schools." The third section shows the peculiar features of "Georgia schools":

"SEC. 3. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That any free white inhabitant, being a citizen of the United States, and of this State, and residing within the limits of any county or school district, organized under this act, between the ages of six and twenty-one years, shall be entitled to instruction in the Georgia school of said county or district without charge for tuition or incidental expenses."

Nobody will deny that this is a step in advance; but the reasons for excluding the negro from its benefits would, if given, probably reveal a very imperfect conception of the theory of popular education.

—On Monday, Dec. 3, the Tennessee House of Representatives indefinitely postponed (33 to 26) a bill establishing a common school system in the State. It is said that 78,000 adult whites in Tennessee are unable to read or write; and it is evident that some of their representatives must have voted down the bill. Though the particulars have not reached us, we do not doubt that East Tennessee is responsible for this result; and the action of the people of that district has a very important bearing on the question—Shall ignorance (even when "loyal") be allowed the suffrage without restriction?

—Large numbers of freedmen at Chattanooga are making contracts to work upon the railroads of the South-west, and squads are daily departing from that point.

—It is reported that Texas is trying to encourage the dissatisfied freedmen of Georgia and South Carolina to remove to her too-sparsely settled soil. The acts of the last Legislature would hardly incite the desired immigration. That body was chiefly solicitous to make the intermarriage of blacks and whites penal, and to oppress the freedmen as much as possible by labor, trespass, and apprenticeship acts. It was composed of 113 "Conservative" and 10 Union men.

—Even the *Richmond Enquirer* is compelled to say of the chain-gang, which has been revived in that city, that it is "a relic of barbarism," and "should be done away with in every enlightened community." There are, in fact, at the South, many usages which, as they existed with slavery, were lost in the utter darkness of that system, and are only beginning to be recognized as blots on the civilization of the present day. The whipping of convicts in North Carolina, and the imprisonment of debtors in South Carolina, certainly deserve to go the way of the chain-gang.

—Gov. Worth, of North Carolina, Gov. Marvin, of Florida, and Gov. Orr, of South Carolina, in their respective messages to the several State legislatures, oppose the Constitutional Amendment. Gov. Worth wants the negroes to emigrate to the Northern States, at the expense of the Bureau. Gov. Orr, on the contrary, wants a Homestead Law passed, and the negroes retained, and would provide for the indigent. He does not regard free labor as a failure, though the grain crop is unusually short, and the cotton is very deficient. Outside the war debt, South Carolina owes \$5,250,000.

—A member of Congress elect from Georgia, Hon. W. A. Woolford, has applied successfully to the Boston Tract Society for 100 Sunday-school libraries for the white and black Sunday-schools of his district.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE book list of Messrs Trübner & Co., London, announces "The Principles of Linguistic Science; or, Language and the Study of Language," by Professor Wm. D. Whitney, of Yale College. The book, which is to be published in this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co., consists principally of the lectures which Professor Whitney delivered before the Lowell Institute of Boston, and, if we mistake not, before the Smithsonian Institution. The book will "discuss in a somewhat general and familiar way the fundamental facts in the life of language, those which exhibit most clearly its character and determine the method of its study." After concluding the account of linguistic change and growth, it will also glance at the main results accomplished by language, and what its origin is, its relation to thought, and its value as an element in human progress. It will also contain a cursory view of the historical development of the art of writing. A book by another American is announced by the same house: "History of the Dervishes," by J. P. Brown, interpreter to the American Legation at Constantinople. They have also in press an English edition of Hurst's "History of Rationalism;" a volume of sermons by Bishop Colenso; a new volume of essays by Frances Power Cobbe, called "Work and Play;" "The Institutes of the Laws of Ceylon," by Henry Byerley Thomson, second puisne judge of the Supreme Court of Ceylon; a popular edition of "The Chinese Classics," by Dr. James Legge, the editor of the large edition; and "China and Japan, a complete guide to the open ports of those countries, together with Peking, Yeddo, Hongkong, and Macao, with twenty-six maps and plans," edited by N. B. Dennys, late of H. B. M.'s consular service.

—Mr. A. W. Thayer, our consul at Trieste, has seen fit to publish his long expected "Life of Beethoven" first in German, and the first volume has appeared at Berlin, which brings the composer's history down to 1794, containing much curious information respecting his family and his early musical engagements. The book is a monument of devoted perseverance, for Mr. Thayer has been engaged in the necessary researches since 1845, during which time he has often had to contend with sickness and pecuniary difficulties. His labors have taken him throughout Europe, at one time keeping him three months in Paris in vain endeavors to inspect a certain official correspondence in which it was just possible the name of Beethoven might occur. The results of this work have been important, and numerous letters and manuscripts of the great composer have been unearthed. While Mr. Thayer has been publishing the life of a great German, Dr. K. Brünemann has written a manual of American literature, "Geschichte der Nordamerikanischen Literatur," which is interesting and useful. Herr Brünemann does not seem to have read much that we consider literature here, and Hermann Melville's works and "Elsie Venner" would alone be sufficient to vindicate American literature from the charges of deficient originality and servile adherence to European models. His observations on the "Biglow Papers" show that their style and political allusions have hindered him from perceiving their literary merit and value. He devotes much space to Bryant; but overlooks the poetry of Emerson. His judgment of Emerson's philosophy is that of a professor, unable even to conceive of philosophical research apart from the method of the German schools.

—A reviewer in the last number of the London *Reader* administers very severe treatment to Professor Agassiz for his "Geological Sketches." He is accused of "bunkum," "spread-eagleism," "depreciation of the labors of neighbors and contemporaries," and "hopeless ignorance of the state of contemporary paleontology in England and Germany." It is rather startling to see this magnate of American science treated in this way, though the violence of the abuse in several passages makes one suspect the existence of something more than a scientific *animus*. Next to theologians, scientific men have always been noted for their acquaintance with the vocabularies of abuse, and it is only recently

that novelists and poets are equalling them. We read, "We shall not so far carry microscopical analysis as to enquire what may be the value of Professor Agassiz's opinion on a question affecting fossil ornithology," etc. And again, "The United States, during its infancy, may have had some excuse which led to the employment of a class of ignorant or half-educated men, such as usually form the scholastic element in countries which are only partially civilized; such an excuse exists no longer." We leave the inference to Harvard College, and commend the reviewer to the tender mercies of Professor Agassiz.

*—Mr. James Martineau, widely known as a philosophical thinker and writer, was recently rejected for the professorship of intellectual philosophy and logic in University College, London, on the ground of his being a Unitarian clergyman. This college is founded on the basis of no religious test, and this very chair had been previously filled by a Presbyterian minister, Dr. Hoppus. Among the professors are a Mohammedan and a Parsee, a Catholic and dissenters of various grades, and there is no pretence of a rule requiring conformity to the Church of England. Mr. Martineau, having every necessary quality and having been passed by the proper committee, was rejected by the council to gratify hypothetical prejudices—for fear some one might say that the council had a bias in favor of Unitarianism. As a consequence, Professor De Morgan, professor of mathematics, and the most eminent man in the college, has resigned his position.

—Another professor in the same college, Mr. Seeley, professor of Latin, has been discovered to be the author of "Ecce Homo," so that the much vexed question is at last settled. Professor Seeley is a son of Mr. Seeley, the well-known Evangelical publisher, and was educated at the City of London School, under Dr. Mortimer. Having gone to Cambridge and entered at Christ's College, he took his degree in 1857, when he was senior classic, thirtieth senior optime, and first Chancellor's medallist.

—At the opening meeting of the Geographical Society at London, Sir Henry C. Rawlinson, M.P., read a very interesting and important paper "on the recent journey of Mr. W. H. Johnson from Leh, in Ladakh, to Khotan, in Chinese Tartary." While carrying out the work of the Great Trigonometrical Survey to the northern limits of Cashmere, he visited Khotan at the invitation of the Khan. The city of Khotan or Ilchi had not been visited by a European except Marco Polo, Benedict Goetz, and a few Jesuit missionaries in the last century. It is important as being in the line of one of the great commercial routes between Russia, India, and China. In ancient times, Ilchi was the high place of the Buddhist religion in central Asia, and in the fourteenth century some Chinese pilgrims found 14 convents in the city, each containing 3,000 devotees. Till within a few years, the country has been in the possession of the Chinese; but owing to the shock the empire received through the war with England, all the Turkestan states revolted, and are now anxious to enter into commercial relations with the rest of the world, especially India, and desire English influence and rule. These countries are essentially Turkish and not Chinese, and the hindrances to communication are rather the pretensions of the Maharajah of Cashmere than the physical difficulties of the passes. They produce metals, coal, cereals, fine wool and cotton, which chiefly enticed the Russians into western Turkestan.

—There are sixteen papers now published in the Dutch East Indian colonies in the Dutch language, three in Malay, and one Javanese, besides six journals, organs of learned societies. Most of these papers are published in Java; the *Javasche Courant*, of Batavia, is the Government gazette, and was first started in 1810, the earliest attempt of the kind in the island. It is merely official. These papers are nearly all weeklies or semi-weeklies; none are dailies. They have no political articles, but consist chiefly of advertisements, with local and home news, and an occasional leader on local, agricultural, or commercial matters. The editor of the *Nieuwsbode*, of Sourabaya, was banished last year for an infringement of the press regulations, in not supplying the name of the writer of an article called "A Dream," pretending to give a representation of the position of Java in 1965, which was offensive to the Government; and a subsequent editor was banished for a similar reason.

The papers are all subject to a stamp tax, and no numbers are allowed to be distributed until a copy has been delivered to the head of the local government and approved by him. The three principal papers of Batavia do not average above 1,100 to 1,200 subscribers in Java and the neighboring island, and publish a mail edition for Holland. Their advertisements bring in their largest revenue; and though the subscription price is not more than \$12 per annum, they manage to pay their editors (generally lawyers) \$5,000 and upwards a year. Like the papers of most small countries, they are continually attacking and abusing one another; and all of them persist in placing domestic occurrences in the order that propriety suggests—marriages, births, and deaths—rather than in the English way.

—A series of papers are now in publication in the London *Reader* entitled "Studies in Modern Russian Literature." The two articles which have been so far printed are on Lomonôsof and Kantemiér, both of whom flourished during the last century, the latter a celebrated satirical poet. These papers are to form the basis of an extended work on "The History of Russian Literature." The first part, treating of the ante-Lomonôsof period, has been undertaken by W. S. Mirrieles, M.A., who also is responsible for all the metrical translations. We hope much from this work, for the papers in the *Reader*, though mere sketches, are very valuable in themselves and in their references. There exists no work—accessible at least to ordinary readers—which contains any account of modern Russian literature, and those that come down to the time of Karamzin are very dry and unreadable. There are one or two sketches in old volumes of "Blackwood" of Pushkin and Lermontof, and something can be found in various numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Perhaps the best short view of the whole subject is a lecture by M. Chodzko, before the College de France, published in the number of the "Revue des Cours Littéraires" for January, 1866. The literature of the present day is rich with poetry and romances, while at the same time all the popular books of England, Germany, and France are translated as fast as they are published. We saw a list of translations of more permanent books advertised in a late Russian paper: The fourth volume of Byron's works; the third volume of Goethe's works; Carlyle's "French Revolution;" Liebig's "Agriculture;" Lewes's "History of Philosophy;" Max Müller's "Science of Language;" and a pamphlet on the Banting system of preventing corpulence, by Prof. Niemeyer.

EDUCATIONAL.

ONE of the most significant and peculiar characteristics of the public schools of this country is the very common employment of women to be not only teachers of girls, but teachers of boys and girls in the same classes, and sometimes of boys alone. Thus, in Massachusetts last year only about one-seventh of the teachers of the State were men, six-sevenths women, and the yearly returns showed a decrease of 138 in the number of male teachers, and a still greater increase in the number of female teachers. In Connecticut, the proportion of male teachers is greater than in Massachusetts in winter and less in summer. Nearly 2,000 women teach in summer, and only a few more than 100 men. The facts are similar in other parts of the country. Foreigners find it very hard to understand how this can be a satisfactory arrangement. We well remember meeting once a veteran and distinguished teacher in Germany—Dr. Vogel, of Leipsic—who began a school conversation with emphatic expressions of surprise that the employment of women could prove acceptable to the managers of American schools, and especially in the instruction of boys. Whatever objections may be made, it is certainly at the present time a necessity to employ women, and the necessity is not without many great advantages. If Massachusetts should discharge her brigade of 6,000 female teachers, she could only supply their places with great difficulty, increased cost, and with an inferior class of men. Two noteworthy changes, in respect to the employment of women, are in progress. The first is their selection in positions which require at once high scholarship and superior administrative capacity. It is not uncommon to find ladies regarded as fit to be principals of large

and important city schools; for example, the Roxbury High School, and the Shurtleff Grammar School in Chelsea, have just been committed to the superintendence of women. A more remarkable instance is the appointment of Miss Johnson to be principal of the admirable normal school for girls in Framingham, Mass. Gov. Bullock, in a public address, referred to this election "as the first official and conspicuous announcement of a policy which appears to be founded on philosophical reasoning and on the results of a large experience." This example of Massachusetts is likely to be followed by the other States just as fast as women show themselves to possess the requisite qualifications. Curiously enough, this will be done not so much because women are theoretically the best teachers, in the minds of our school committees, but because equally competent men cannot be secured at the salaries which are commonly paid. This leads us to speak of the second change. Women are paid much better wages than formerly; \$1,000 per annum is not an uncommon salary for a first-class female teacher. The highest salary which we know of paid to a lady teacher is \$1,500. In a list of graduates of the Oswego normal school we find the names of four paid \$1,000 each, and eleven others paid \$700 or more. Such pay is likely to act as a strong stimulant to young ladies to fit themselves for the highest positions. It furnishes a great contrast to the old-fashioned traditional pay of a country "school ma'am"—\$2 a week and "board round." Perhaps it may be the harbinger of that state of society which has begun in Kansas, where the men are so few because of their sacrifice in war, or so busy in the occupations of a new country, that women are made school visitors and district committees. Who can tell where all this tends?

College presidents, according to college customs, have most arduous and responsible duties, with small salaries and very little relief from the annoyance of petty business. They must of course be good scholars, they must be skilful disciplinarians, they must have financial sagacity, they must frequently preach or lecture or talk in public, they must maintain a laborious correspondence; in short, they must be everything and do everything to promote the interests of their respective institutions. Hence their short terms of office commonly, and the difficulty of supplying vacant places. Several such officers have lately been chosen in the colleges of New England and New York.

Bowdoin College, of which Rev. L. Woods has long been president, has just elected Rev. S. Harris, of the Bangor Theological Seminary, to be its chief officer. Although not widely known beyond the State of Maine, Dr. Harris has there the reputation of a most excellent scholar and influential writer. The college, which has given General Howard, one of its professors, to the national service, and another, General Chamberlain, to the gubernatorial chair of Maine, is certainly entitled to good recruits, and this *reprisal* will be generally applauded. Both of the chief colleges of Vermont have been for some time in search of presidents, and both are now well supplied. The university at Burlington receives as its president Prof. Angell, long one of the corps of professors at Providence, and the college at Middlebury has called back from the West Rev. Dr. Kitchel, a clergyman of distinction, lately settled in Chicago. Hamilton College, from which Rev. Dr. Fisher has retired, to become pastor of a church in Utica, has filled his place by the election of Prof. S. G. Brown, of Dartmouth. Dr. Hickok, long acting president of Union College, goes quietly on as president since the death of Dr. Nott.

The last such election is that of the president of the Cornell University, the new institution about to be established at Ithaca, in this State, with the great national fund as the basis of its endowment and Mr. Cornell's munificence as its superstructure. Prof. Andrew D. White, now senator from the Onondaga District, and lately professor of history in the Michigan University, has been appointed to the direction of this "infant giant." Though still a young man, he is probably the very best person on whom this choice could have fallen, having had rare opportunities, which he has well improved, for understanding the educational wants of the Empire State. If he accepts, this institution will certainly be wisely begun.

Some very interesting statements were made at the recent meeting in Salem of the Western College Society, a benevolent association, which aims to assist certain meritorious institutions in the Western States.

Among other things, a paper was presented by the secretary, Dr. Theron Baldwin, showing that within the last five years \$7,000,000 have been presented to American institutions of learning. We need not remind our readers that these generous gifts have been made in years of war and agitation. During the last year alone \$2,000,000 have been bestowed on such objects. A paper was also presented, giving an account of the establishment of a sort of college near the site of the famous Battle of the Clouds, Lookout Mountain, Tennessee. Mr. Christopher R. Robert, a merchant of New York, who founded some years ago a Christian college in Turkey, has bought, on his own responsibility, an extensive tract of land and the hospital buildings erected by the Government, has procured a charter from the Tennessee Legislature, engaged the teachers, and set the institution in operation. Eighty scholars are now assembled in it from different parts of the South. A New England college, planted at Chattanooga, the centre of so many lines of communication, and endowed by generous benefactions from a Northern merchant, will be like a light in the wilderness. If maintained, as we have no doubt it will be, with liberality and with good judgment, its influence upon the South, in these years of reconstruction and desolation, will be most serviceable.

SWINBURNE'S POEMS AND BALLADS.*

It would be pleasanter, in speaking of Mr. Swinburne's last book, to consider the poems merely as poems, and to have a mind similar to that of Mr. Swinburne himself, which his friend, Mr. Rossetti, in an ingenious criticism, says is a "*tabula rasa* on moral and religious subjects." But as the minds of most readers have tolerably clear moral and religious impressions, to which various sentiments expressed in these poems are thoroughly antagonistic, it is necessary to consider slightly how far Mr. Swinburne, who "is radically indifferent, if not hostile, to what most people care for," is justified in volleying forth "winged words of the most audacious aim and the least unstinted virus."

It is foolish and useless either to abuse or to ignore this book, for what Mr. Swinburne has written is now a part of English literature. We all remember what diatribes on Shelley and Byron were printed in all the reviews. Yet how many now would be willing to give up those calumniated poets with all their improprieties? Let this generation be juster than the last, and be forbearing rather than harsh with one whom no one refuses to call a poet; let them banish his vagaries, if needs be, from their drawing-rooms, but not burn them at a public bonfire, or accuse the poet of unpardonable viciousness of mind or heart.

The charges on which the critical press have rung all their changes are briefly these: irreligion, immorality, and indecency. The poems are said to be irreligious, because they are blasphemous and atheistical. The last half of this accusation is admittedly correct; for Mr. Swinburne, we are told, "is convinced, or all but convinced, of the mortality of the soul." But it by no means follows that the poems of an atheist, which merely express a theory of a life which has atheism for a basis, are in any way improper, immoral, or in any other respect irreligious. Mr. Ruskin truly says that "it is a sign of the last depravity in the Church itself, when it assumes that such a belief is inconsistent with purity of character or energy of hand." In itself, the atheistic philosophy of these poems is not hurtful, for they are not arguments for the death of the soul, but mere representations of character, of which the disbelief in immortality or in divinity is a component part. Blasphemous these poems are not; for blasphemy consists not in the mere expression, but in the intent of the words. The miracle-plays of the Middle Ages, and many a mediæval poem and treatise, are not blasphemous, though they seem to us shockingly irreverent.

The so-called blasphemous poems in the present volume are thoroughly dramatic, and their form and their purpose absolve them from this blame. In "*Laus Veneris*" there is depicted, with wonderful force and power, the character of the Knight Tannhäuser, who, having been refused absolution by the Pope for his deathly sin, goes back to that mythic Venusberg, and there flings himself into the arms of the demon-goddess, and endeavors to palliate to himself and to God his sinful love. It is he, not Mr. Swinburne, who cries so passionately to Christ, and expresses so strongly the reaction from the sad worship of the Virgin. Sad, soul-weary devotees of a dying faith chant the doleful "*Hymn to Proserpine*," with its bitter wails against the

growing progress of the Christian faith. So in others, mere pagans speak. Certainly the dramatic form is not an excuse for everything, but it is an excuse for unchristianity and irreligion—according to prevalent ideas of it—where those are necessary ingredients of a pagan character. Other poems, as "*St. Dorothy*," "*A Litany*," "*A Christmas Carol*," are thoroughly Christian in every line and equally mediæval.

The accusation of immorality and indecency is much harder for Mr. Swinburne to defend himself against. Mr. Robert Buchanan would have us admit that morality is the equivalent of sincerity. We willingly grant half his proposition, that insincere books are necessarily immoral, though we sweep off many tracts and religious novels with the same broom; but may not a work be at once immoral and sincere? There are other reasons for pardoning the *gaudrioles* of La Fontaine, of Rabelais, or of Boccaccio, than the evident simplicity and sincerity with which they were uttered. But all the sincerity of a satirist cannot draw a veil of innocence and harmlessness about Petronius, in spite of the sparkle of his Latin. Mr. Swinburne's lyrics are evidently sincere; but few would call them moral. The immorality of a book is not, however, to be judged of by its effects on any chance reader, but only by its influence on the average moral mind. To an immoral person like Mr. Swinburne, who doubts "whether he construes aright those somewhat misty and changeable terms," these poems have no immoral look; all readers, however, with the ordinary notions of morality would call several of them disagreeable, if not harmful, and wish that they had never been written. If sexual love be in itself neither moral nor immoral, but only proper or improper according to circumstances, this book which celebrates it is not immoral. Nowhere in it, it must be admitted, is sin excused or approved; everywhere its punishment is held out. It may be called sweet, and its pleasures may be almost too lovingly shown, but its bitter end is never concealed. It is also possible for it to be moral as regards the author, but immoral as regards the reader. Its immorality, if it has any, for we do not pretend to decide the question, must be chiefly in the insidious influence that parts of it may—not at once, but by degrees—exert on the mind. And this influence will be due to the indecency of the book; for of this there can be no doubt. There are things which are not fit subjects for poetry or for painting. The refined taste of the Greeks excluded from the stage all murders and deaths; those took place behind the scenes, and were only related before the audience. A grosser modern taste has violated this canon; but there are still other situations that our society is neither so simple nor so corrupt as to endure. Such things Mr. Swinburne has exposed to view in these poems. They are not mere representations of the nude, like the Apollo Belvedere or Titian's Venus, which are allowable, being by great and pure artists; they are rather comparable to some of the pictures at Pompeii. Two or three of these poems, of which "*The Leper*" is an example, should be banished altogether; many others, not written *virginibus puerisque*, need the shadow of the library door; the rest are too beautiful and too unobjectionable to be covered or withdrawn.

Mr. Swinburne's fault is not like Byron's, who has wilfully misused his faculty of exquisite verse and his wonderful powers over metre to draw pictures which would sully one's eyes to behold. It is impossible to doubt his perfect sincerity. He does not mean to be indecent, but he is so without knowing it. What repels us is that, owing to some peculiar twists in his mind, his feelings and sympathies are oftener with low and degrading emotions and passions than what is noble and lofty. He has conceived of sinful love as if he had felt it; he has entered into it with his whole soul, and has expressed it with an earnestness and a passionate sensuousness, even a riotous sensuality, as though he felt it still, and were determined to make us, too, feel it. We do not mean to speak against Mr. Swinburne as a man; we fully recognize the truth of what he says in his "*Notes*," that these poems are eminently dramatic, and that in none does he speak in *propria persona*. We only lament that he has chosen to give us the inner life of such personages as he has. Yet we are not wholly sorry, for disagreeable as the revelation is, it opens a knowledge of characters and passions that we should hardly be able to conceive were they not presented with such extraordinary power by so great a genius. The art may be perfect, but the subjects may be vile. As an artist and a poet, Mr. Swinburne is undeniably great. Yet he has written "*The Leper*;" just as Gérôme, to whom he is in more than one way to be compared, has painted "*L'Almeh*."

Before leaving out of view the subjects of many of these pieces, we are struck with the power which the poet has of representing two such opposite lives as the antique and the mediæval. Mr. Swinburne's mind is, in many respects, essentially Greek, and its best exponent is "*Atalanta in Calydon*," but there are things in this volume which seem to show that he could equally well picture the real—not the ideal—knight of the Crusades.

In "*Laus Veneris*" we have the old legend of "*Tannhäuser*" treated

* "*Laus Veneris*, and other Poems and Ballads. By Algernon Charles Swinburne." 12mo, pp. 323. New York: Carleton, 1866.

"*Notes on Poems and Reviews*. By A. C. Swinburne." Pp. 24.

nearly in the spirit of Wagner's wondrous music. It is an almost perfect expression of a despairing mind vainly trying to make itself believe what it would not—trying to think its misery better than the bliss it wants but cannot obtain. One stanza among the many remarkable for the beauty of their expression contains a lovely and original metaphor, in speaking of things on which one would think every variety of imagery had been exhausted:

"Ah! yet would God this flesh of mine might be
Where air might wash and long leaves cover me;
Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,
Or where the wind's feet shine along the sea."

Nor is the preceding line less beautiful. In "Itylus" we have a most musical and beautiful lyric on the wrongs of Progne and Philomela, in "Anima Anceps" and "Madonna Mia" others almost as sweet, and in "Hermaphroditus" there are lines worthy to be inscribed on the base of that lovely statue. We can read the "Hymn to Proserpine" and tell something of the feelings of the worshippers of Isis as they saw the fall of that great deity whom they had enthroned over the twelve great gods of Rome, and by whom old and mysterious Egypt had always been upheld and blessed. We can sympathize with Julian, who, wearied by the false professions of the pseudo-Christians of the imperial household, his finer feelings all outraged, bore from the groves of Athens that almost personal hatred to Christ that made him endeavor to set up on their ancient seats the displaced tenants of the Pantheon. We can exclaim with him and with these devotees of Proserpine:

"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world has grown grey from thy breath;
We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fulness of death;"

and mutter with close-pressed teeth:

"Though the feet of thine high-priests tread where thy lords and our forefathers trod,
Though these that were gods are dead, and thou being dead art a god;
Though before thee the throned Cytherean be fallen, and hidden her head,
Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean; thy dead shall go down to thee dead."

And is not this one of the great aims of true poetry: not so much to entice us with the sweet music of measured words as to make us live in other ages, to make us dwell in other bodies and feel with other souls? If this be so, Mr. Swinburne has won a name that will outlast many whose voices are purer but also of less powerful spell.

Love is the burden of nearly all Mr. Swinburne's songs; sad, remorseful love, as in "The Triumph of Time," a matchless poem; pure, rest-seeking love, as in "Hesperia," or fierce, eager passion, as in "Les Noyades" or "Dolores." In "Faustine" it brings out a singular idea suggested by the representation of the face of a chance-met wanton to the noble face of the elder Faustina, the transmigration of a soul through numerous bodies, always maintaining its own wickedness and the beauty of its fleshly home.

All these poems from first to last are splendid as studies of metre. Few young poets have obtained so complete a mastery over the most difficult forms of rhythm. "Dolores," for instance, in which it is often hard to trace the thought, so sudden are the transitions and so involved some of the ideas, is one of the finest specimens of melodious verse in English poetry, though confined to a single metre. There are other poems which are equally successful; and in "Sapphics" we find a remarkable adaptation of the classic measure to modern poetry. Together with beauties of metre and rhythm, there are beauties of expression not only in the choice and application of single words, but in their connections. Word-rhymes and alliteration are used to heighten the contrast of the meaning by the similarity of the words, as in

"— hills with light and night between your leaves,
And winds with sound and silence in your lips."

Mr. Swinburne does not disdain to use alliteration in the ordinary way, to express similarity alone, even when he gives up

"The lilies and languors of virtue
For the roses and raptures of vice."

This quality runs over into his prose, which is full of "prurient prudery" and "virulent virtue." Such excesses, as well as too frequent repetitions of words like "kiss," "sting," "burn," "salt," "lips," "eyelids," etc., are common blemishes which have disfigured all of his previously published books. Obscurity of meaning is also a common fault, and we doubt if any one can be found to understand "The King's Daughter." If Mr. Swinburne were at all amenable to criticism, which his "Notes" show is not the case, we might hope that his next poems would be greater and better not only in subject, but in minor points of style. As, however, he writes but for himself, without regard to the "animalcules and infusoria" of the reviews, we must only accept what he gives us, and extracting, like honey from noisome flowers, the beautiful parts, throw aside the rest, until the petulance of his youth is past, and he is more willing to let out the real nobleness of his nature, and be the great poet he can be, pure for men and women alike, and by both equally loved and admired.

GREELEY'S AMERICAN CONFLICT.*

SEVERAL circumstances have contributed to make Mr. Greeley's history of the rebellion a more noteworthy and, in some respects, perhaps, a more valuable performance than most of the works on the same subject recently published, or now hastening to completion. As the conductor of a leading journal, he has been more prominently before the public and is more widely known than any other writer of contemporary American history; in his familiarity with political events during the last quarter of a century he has probably no superior; on the subject of domestic slavery, respecting which he has himself helped to shape public opinion, he is specially well informed, and he has the reputation of *desiring*, as well in his statement of facts as in his discussions of public matters, to be guided by strict impartiality. Whether these are to be considered advantages or not is an open question. The advocate who has successfully conducted through the courts a cause involving important issues, developing the bitterest animosities, and encumbered with a mass of conflicting testimony, would not naturally be selected to prepare a history of the trial. It requires little argument to show that in the majority of cases the result would be unsatisfactory, however excellent might be his intentions. Mr. Greeley, if he does not occupy a position altogether anomalous, may be designated as "of counsel," and his very familiarity with certain parts of his subject and his identification with the cause of the Union will undoubtedly be held to militate against the merits of such a history as he has undertaken. An interesting and even remarkable work may be expected from him, or his thirty-odd years' experience as a journalist would otherwise have been but opportunities thrown away; but will it be in any respect more valuable than his daily contributions to the newspaper press, which reflect deep-seated opinions, and are more or less colored by party feeling or prejudice? It is to his credit that he has striven earnestly against the difficulties, if such they be, which beset him, and, though fitted neither by temperament, training, nor calling to grapple with a complex historical subject, has produced a work of decided interest, and commendable, as every page will attest, for an honest intention to tell the true story of the rise, progress, and overthrow of the rebellion.

The reader who opens the "American Conflict" in the expectation of finding a literal reflex of those views on political, military, or personal matters with which the author has so often and so publicly identified himself during the last five years will be disappointed. Mr. Greeley has been wise enough to understand that it is one thing to record and comment upon facts as they occur from day to day, generally on imperfect or untrustworthy evidence, and amidst the turmoil of a busy political life; and quite another thing to embody those facts and opinions in a grave history. The warmth of tone, the bitterness of feeling, and the passionate emphasis generally associated with political writing, find scarcely a place in the pages before us, although the individuality of the author shows itself conspicuously in almost every one of them. At the same time, no general principle and no opinion previously entertained by him is wholly renounced. He has modified, often with great candor, views mistakenly conceived and tenaciously held, and has endeavored, so far as a naturally excitable temperament would permit him, to avoid any suspicion of bias. Thus, in the case of officers like Buell or Fitz John Porter, he disavows the intention of permitting his convictions respecting their method of conducting the war to obscure their merits as capable and brave soldiers. He even credits them with a sincere desire to preserve the Union (after a peculiar fashion, to be sure), and attributes their errors in great part to the influences of the political school in which they were reared, and to the fact that they were misplaced as commanders of Union armies. He might have enlarged upon this topic, had he chosen, and shown what is easily demonstrable, that politics, instead of being ignored, according to a somewhat popular notion, in the selection of responsible commanders in such a war as we have passed through, should be made an important consideration. Had this been done in the early stages of the struggle, we should doubtless have escaped the misfortunes resulting from giving high commands to men who "halted between their love of country, and their traditional devotion to slavery," and who "clung to the hope of a compromise which should preserve both slavery and the Union long after all reasonable ground of hope had vanished." To Generals McClellan and Porter, who come within this category, Mr. Greeley, we think, does substantial justice.

The civil history of the rebellion is more elaborately treated in the "American Conflict" than in any contemporary work of the kind. The first volume deals so fully with the causes which led to the rebellion, the political action of the seceding States, and that of Congress, the national Executive, and the loyal States, that the general narrative is only brought

* "The American Conflict: A History of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, 1860-65. By Horace Greeley." Vol. II. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co.

down to the close of 1861. The whole work, written on this scale, should have comprised four or five large volumes. Only one other is given, however, and through this the author is obliged to go at a gallop, regardless of the due proportions of parts. A very substantial foundation has been laid, but the superstructure is so slight as to be altogether out of proportion to it. The result is inseparable from the custom, only too prevalent, of attempting to write history before history is made, and of restricting an author to so many volumes or pages, beyond which he must not go, whether his original plan be carried out or not. Under ordinary circumstances the procrustean method is not favorable to free literary action, and the reader may judge how likely an author is to produce a symmetrical work when he breaks ground nearly two years before the close of the era he proposes to describe, as Mr. Greeley has done in the present instance.

The sketch of the political events succeeding the commencement of 1862, embraced in the second volume, though by no means exhaustive, is clear and connected, and particular attention is given to the fluctuations of popular sentiment under the influence of military operations. It may be freely consulted as to leading events and measures, but further than that it does not pretend to go, and it would be unwise at present to go. The account of the legislation on the slavery question and of the gradual growth of public opinion on the subject of emancipation, forms one of the most valuable features of the work, and the author is undoubtedly correct in saying that Mr. Lincoln, though reproached with tardiness and reluctance, "was probably ahead of a majority of the people of the loyal States in definitively accepting the issue of emancipation or disunion." On another point connected with the political history of the war, his judgment seems much less sound. Commenting upon the autumn elections of 1862, which generally went against the Administration, he says that, excluding the soldiers in the army not then entitled to vote, "it is quite probable that had a popular election been held at any time during the year following the Fourth of July, 1862, on the question of continuing the war, or arresting it on the best attainable terms, a majority would have voted for peace." The success of the Administration party in New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, in the succeeding spring, seems only to have strengthened his belief that a majority of the resident voters of the loyal States were still opposed to a further prosecution of the war. This opinion seems to us not only erroneous in itself, but to reflect unjustly upon the constancy and patriotism of the American people during a gloomy period of the national history. That they were restless and dissatisfied with the meagre results which the war had then produced, and manifested their dissatisfaction at the conduct of military affairs by transferring political power temporarily to other hands, admit of no doubt; but that they intended, by their hostile vote, to protest against the war itself, we are not prepared to believe, and there is no evidence to prove it. On the contrary, the fact that the question of peace or war was not raised, as it might easily have been, at the elections to which Mr. Greeley attaches so much significance, would seem to show that the opposition distrusted their ability to succeed on that issue. They wisely preferred to assail the recently issued Emancipation Proclamation, and the military measures and civil policy of the Administration, to which our numerous reverses were attributed; and, thanks to discontent and divided counsels among their opponents, and the support of that numerous class whose votes were swayed by military successes or failures, they gained a decided victory, but a victory involving no essential principle. With all deference, therefore, to the opinions of so practised an observer of political sentiment as Mr. Greeley, we think it susceptible of proof, by direct evidence, or by fair inferences, that at no time during the war was there a majority of the people, exclusive of the army, in favor of peace.

The military narrative, though in the main correctly outlined, is of unequal value. The earlier portions, based chiefly on *ex-parte* evidence, will bear much revising, if they do not require to be entirely re-written, and it is chiefly in the later chapters, when authentic evidence began to accumulate around him, and the exasperating influences growing out of a state of actual warfare were removed, that the author was enabled to do full justice to his subject. Considerable space is given to the subject of negro troops, and that the reader may see how just is his estimate of their value, we quote his conclusions respecting the merits of this arm of the service as compared with white troops:

"In docility, in unquestioning obedience to superiors, in local knowledge, in capacity to endure fatigue, in ability to brave exposure and resist climatic or miasmatic perils, they were equal if not superior to the average of our white troops: in intelligence and tenacity they were inferior; and no wise general would have counted a corps of them equal, man for man, in a great protracted battle, to a like number of our whites. Yet there were black regiments above the average of whites in merit; and their fighting at Fort Wagner, Port Hudson, Helena, Mobile, and some other points was noticed

by their commanders with well-deserved commendation. To exalt them to the disparagement of our white soldiers would be as unwise as unjust; but those whites who fought most bravely by their side will be the last to detract from the gratitude wherewith the Republic fitly honors all her sons who freely offered their lives for the salvation of their country."

Except in a brief note in the appendix, Mr. Greeley says nothing of the labors of those noble rivals in philanthropic acts, the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission. The important subject of the exchange of prisoners, the cause of so much acrimonious correspondence, and the horrors and barbarities of Andersonville and other rebel prisons, are treated with equal brevity, and no mention whatever is made of such occurrences as the rebel raid into St. Albans and similar outrages along the Canadian frontier, the piratical seizure of the merchant steamer Chesapeake, or the attempt to introduce pestilence into our chief cities, all of which tend to show the rebel *animus*, and deserve therefore to be considered part of the *res gesta* of the war. So, too, with regard to the manner in which our great armies of volunteers were raised, equipped, and organized, the hospital system, the progress of the nation in material prosperity, and a dozen other subjects, which are barely alluded to or passed entirely over. Be the record of military and political events never so full, we gain, after all, but an imperfect idea of a great civil war if no notice is taken of the inner life of the people during its progress. Want of space and the demands of publishers and subscribers will, of course, account for the omission, and suggest once more the vicious system on which almost every history of the war yet published has been undertaken. Mr. Greeley is not responsible for the system, but it is to be regretted that he has lent his name and influence to its support.

THE BOOK OF PRAISE.*

AMONG the many recent compilations of sacred poetry, this is one of such mark that the appearance of a new and improved edition makes it worth while to discuss the work somewhat carefully.

To criticise the purely literary merits of any selection of hymns is a thankless task. It has been said that whoever would have a perfect hymn book must make one for himself, and then be content to see nobody agree with his opinion. There are so many other considerations besides that of purely literary merit that enter in: associations, fitness to be sung in church, devotional and doctrinal character. Each religious persuasion or party has, with its own set of views and habits, its own class of favorite lyrics; and he who would be no sectarian, but a true catholic, will find his judgment grow less positive with increasing knowledge. Therefore, what we have to say of Sir Roundell's book in this aspect may be said modestly.

We do not count the selection very good or very bad. One might speak more to the purpose were the standard and scope of the book more definitely stated; but the general aim is merely said to be "to present, under a convenient arrangement, a collection of such examples of a copious and interesting branch of popular literature as, after a study of the subject which for several years has occupied part of his leisure hours, have seemed to the editor most worthy of being separated from the mass to which they belong." That is, he aims to gather what he considers the best hymns in the language. As to his success in doing this there may be, as we have suggested, not two but two thousand opinions. Many of the lyrics are familiar and approved; some are new but of notable merit; others are neither known nor likely to become so. Nos. 359 and 412 are not hymns at all, but compositions of two classes distinct therefrom; the one is an ode, the other a sonnet. There are several sufficiently prosaic pieces by Kelly and Newton. Sixteen hymns are too large a representation for Lyte, when Sir John Bowring has not any; six from Isaac Williams, and none from a better translator, Casewall, make one suspect a little bigotry; for it will not do to exclude good hymns because they were written by a Roman Catholic or a Unitarian. Then, while considerable space is given to very recent productions, and the hitherto obscure names of some thirty contemporary authors are introduced, the editor has not discovered Mr. T. H. Gill, one of the most spirited and poetic of late versifiers. Further, the two most valuable hymnists of this century are unworthily represented—Dr. Neale by five pieces and Miss Winkworth by but a single specimen, and that none of her best. "The Book of Praise" does not adequately indicate our English hymnody, either of the past or of the future; but it tolerably pictures that hymnody in its present chaotic and fluctuating state, the state which endures or awaits a reformation. At least it would do this but for the predominance of an unconscious evangelicism that makes the editor's attachment to the old somewhat greater than his readiness to receive the new, and renders him incapable of fusing the two into harmonious unity.

* "The Book of Praise. From the best English Hymn Writers. Selected and arranged by Roundell Palmer." Cambridge: Sever & Francis.

It should be said, on the other hand, that in special instances the editor has shown much discernment and taste. We owe to him the resurrection of one or two old hymns and the discovery of several new ones, that are already coming into use, and will not soon pass out of it. We may instance Crashaw's fine communion hymn, revised by Austin and Dorrington, No. 292; and Crossman's sweetly simple verses on the Resurrection, 153. Mr. Downton's two New Year hymns (276 and 279), one of them the finest we have for that occasion, were most judiciously disinterred from A. T. Russell's "Psalms and Hymns," 1851. Of Thomas Davis's numerous pieces, doubtless the very best are here reprinted as Nos. 381, 382. From Mr. Toke Lynch's admirable little volume, "The Rivulet," 1855, the most striking lyric is given, No. 202. We are indebted to any one who helps to make familiar such exquisite morsels as Mrs. Alexander's masterpiece, 163. Such evidences of excellent judgment, here and there, make the reader regret that the whole book was not as well administered.

But the important point is not the merits or demerits of the selection. Many men value the book whose opinion of half its contents is low, or would be if they were found elsewhere. It is that which we never find in hymn books, and seldom in selections of poetry, which by its rarity is precious here. The editor has endeavored to give each piece in its original text, adding the author's name and the date of first publication, so that with the poems we have what is most valuable in literary integrity or historic interest. And this, it is right to say, is far less the work of Sir Roundell Palmer than of Mr. Daniel Sedgwick. The one is a lawyer of name and position; the other is a poor man of humble origin, and little or no education, who keeps a small book-shop at 81 Sun Street, Bishopsgate. But to that shop the British Attorney-General had to go, like the rest of us, when he wanted hymnologic information. Mr. Sedgwick has for thirty years made that obscure branch of literature (now, thanks to him, somewhat less obscure) a study and a business; he has collected all imaginable works and editions that pertain thereto, and almost created a store-house of information that, but for him, would have been unavailable. By his help, nearly every hymn was got at in its original shape, so that in this book, for the most part, we have the native article, untinkered.

Having said this much, we grieve to say more; but to point out blemishes in a good work is a more useful if less gracious office than to expatiate on evident merits. Why Sir Roundell Palmer could not let well alone, and, having with toil and pains found his originals, print them and be done with it, we do not see. But he takes the liberty (always indicating it, of course) to give several "variations," "centos," and such, the idea of which we conceive to be utterly opposed to that of literary integrity. For instance, instead of giving us Charles Wesley's "Judgment Hymn," and then Cennick's, too, if he liked, he offers (No. 90) a hash of the two made by Martin Madan. Now, Madan was a mere tinker and compiler; his "variation," even if it were better than the originals, is of no authority whatever. It can be found in almost any common hymn book; what we want here is the author's text, not his improver's. So 206 and 392 are "centos" by J. H. Gurney and Lady Huntingdon, from good old John Mason. But anybody who has his book can make centos from John Mason; we could make twenty, and might possibly put one or two of them in a church hymn book, but certainly not in a volume like this. Revisions, and names of revisers, are an impertinence here.

We object to another principle distinctly laid down in the preface. "The editor has not thought it necessary to give the whole of every composition." We should think it quite necessary. There is here a confusion of two distinct aims. When outside considerations are in view, devotional, doctrinal, musical, more or less tinkering is usually required. A high literary finish may sometimes be attained in the same way. But where the object is integrity of text, that object should be attained throughout at whatever cost; and the rule must be, "the whole or none." Sir Roundell disregards this rule frequently; often when there is nothing gained by it; sometimes when much is lost. In that noble fragment of Banter's (186) he not only omits the first three verses, but divides the rest, and drops from among them two half verses, one of them as essential and (spite of one rough line) as fine as any in the poem. From 335 two verses are omitted, and the whole made more sober and rational certainly; but it is not Charles Wesley's hymn. From 351, not only is the closing verse omitted, but v. 2 is made the last, so that we get the piece as we have seen it in the hymn books, but not as we want it, the rare original. We think all this is a mistake. A volume of selections from Charles Wesley is about to appear, in which the rule of absolute integrity is rigorously observed. Often a poem might have been mended by dropping an unruly verse, or smoothing an indecorous expression, but the editor durst not; the apparent gain would have been a real loss. So here.

Sir Roundell Palmer is too careless about his dates. Addison's hymns are partly corrected in this edition (from 1728 to 1712); but Mrs. Barbauld's are still

absurdly credited to 1825, when they all appeared in 1773. It is capricious and unjustifiable to put 1743 beside Nos. 34 and 59, which merely received one or two verbal alterations in that year, and were published in 1739. So with 46, whose true date is 1740, and which was not even retouched in 1743. No one cares from what edition Sir Roundell took a hymn; we want the date of its first appearance.

Other inaccuracies might be specified. No. 8 was certainly not "varied by Charles Wesley," who never, so far as we know, revised even his own verses; the editing work is always ascribed to John. No. 300 ought not to be credited to Buridge without stating that he borrowed the spirit of the whole, and some lines bodily, from Charles Wesley.

There still exists in the body of this edition a number of errors and blanks as to text and authorship, the latter, however, corrected in the "List of Authors." In that readers will find the important names of Osler and Harriet Auber, with others of less moment, to be substituted for the frequent "Anon." of the text. In but one or two instances, not specified here, has the authorship been discovered. In 244 and 326 the text is inaccurate, and we might mention some sixteen instances in which a wrong date is given.

This edition differs from the former American one in containing thirty-five "additional hymns," of no great consequence, except as one likes to have an editor's last improvements, a much more full and accurate list of authors, and some corrections made in the body of the book. The most important of these are in Nos. 38 and 66, where we now have, through the courtesy of the authors, the exact text (not before accessible to the public) of two of the most exquisite among our American hymns. This, to those who know the value of correctness, is no small matter.

The way in which Messrs. Sever & Francis have done this work is worthy of all praise. This edition is absolutely better than the English one; it not only contains some improvements which have not yet been incorporated into the latter, but its type is more delicate, and all other points of *physique* equal, except the vignette, which it seems impossible to reproduce in this climate. No more beautiful books have been published in America than the "Golden Treasury Series."

Winter-Freed. A Summer Idyl. Edgar Lewis Wakeman. Author's edition. (Chicago: Adams, Blackmer & Lyon. 1866.)—This is the first poetical venture of a boy of eighteen. It was not published, he tells us, at the request of encouraging friends. In fact, he persisted in his purpose to publish against the dissuasion of those who knew him and had seen his verses. He may have done well, after all, to take nobody's word, but to push forth for himself to find how the world would rate him, and get his friends' wisdom by his own experience. His poem relates to rural life in the West:

"Tired and full impatient of old
Winter's too long continued cold,
We hailed with wild and glad delight
The spring returning to our sight."

In much the same style we are carried through the year, and the whole poem contains, perhaps, five hundred lines. We can only advise the author to try again—or not to try again.

Dana's Book of Household Poetry. (Appleton.)—The eleventh edition of this charming collection—by far the best that has ever been made, and, we might almost add with confidence, the best that ever will be made—has just appeared in fairer guise than ever as far as binding and typography are concerned. It has undergone some revision, some pieces having been dropped to make room for others. We have ourselves tested it in all sorts of ways, and have not as yet been able to detect the omission of a single shorter poem of value which we have ever lighted on and admired elsewhere, and we have over and over been surprised and delighted by the discovery in its pages of wails and strays, of rare beauty, which have for long years led a vagabond life in newspapers. In the whole list of "Christmas books" we know of nothing more worthy of a place on anybody's table.

Bulbs: A Treatise on Hardy and Tender Bulbs and Tubers. By Edward Sprague Rand, Jr. (Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1866.)—This practical hand-book of bulb culture supplies a long-needed want, especially among amateur florists. The class of flowers to which it is devoted have been household pets as well as garden favorites since the days of the Dutch "Tulip Mania," and must continue to be so from their adaptation to the various tastes and conditions of the lovers of flowers. Equally suited to the pretentious garden and the humble corner beside the cottage door, the costly conservatory and the garret window; so beautiful in form and in color, many with so delicious a fragrance, the first harbingers of spring and the latest flowers of autumn—it is natural that their cultivation should become so general.

The work under notice gives all the necessary information in regard to their treatment and culture. The first portion is devoted to general considerations of their nature, soil, manures, and general treatment; the remaining and larger portion is devoted to more specific and detailed information relating to the various species, the character of each, and the best treatment to procure the best results. The author has been very successful in his descriptions, doing equal justice to the botany and the horticulture—much more successful than most writers of similar works. It is of value even to those without either garden or conservatory, but with whom the "bulb-glasses" are the substitute. The book is beautifully printed and tastefully embellished, as have been some of the other manuals issued by this house.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

CONGRESS AND THE PRESIDENT.

SUPPORTED by an overwhelming majority of the people, and for the most part re-elected to their seats, the majority of the Thirty-ninth Congress have returned to Washington under circumstances not unlike those under which the Long Parliament came together in 1640, and with a spirit very similar. That famous body, it will be remembered, was composed mainly of the same men who were summarily dismissed in the spring of the year by Charles the First, who attempted once more, for a few months, to govern without a Parliament. His temporary arrogance only irritated the Commons into severer measures, and he had to accept harder terms by far in November than had been offered to him in April.

So Congress, having been compelled to appeal to the people, and having been triumphantly sustained, is no longer disposed to hesitate and compromise, as it did all through last spring. So long as there was any possibility of conciliating Mr. Johnson, or any doubt as to the drift of public sentiment, Congress was anxious to avoid an open breach; and even when the breach was evidently final, Congress refused to do anything which seemed to imply a feeling of personal hostility to the President, or distrust of his intention to act within constitutional limits. This is no longer the case. Mr. Johnson has defied Congress with all the force of his vituperative powers, and has very plainly indicated his wish to find some excuse for breaking it up. Congress feels, therefore, no delicacy in dealing with him within the scope of its legitimate powers, and is evidently resolved to make him realize his defeat and future insignificance.

We hold that the events of the last few months will justify very stringent precautions against the dangerous tendencies of the President. He has shown a decided inclination to usurp power which does not belong to him, and ought to be rebuked for the past and restrained for the future. No action, short of impeachment, if decorous in form, can be too severe for this purpose; for Mr. Johnson is not a man who can be checked by mild and moderate restraints. Our views on the subject of impeachment we need not reiterate. The question is not likely to arise unless the President takes some new step in defiance of the popular will.

The bill introduced by Mr. Stevens, in relation to appointments to office, is in substance a good one. It is already ridiculed in some quarters as a mere measure for the protection of office-holders, and it is said that the country feels no interest in these squabbles for office. But the merit of the bill is that it will do more than any measure ever yet adopted in this country to diminish the number of these squabbles. The powers exercised by our presidents, and especially by Mr. Johnson, in the matter of appointments to and removals from office, are utterly inconsistent with good government and with the real intent of the Constitution. If Mr. Johnson has, as he pretends, the power to remove an officer confirmed by the Senate, to appoint a successor without consulting the Senate, and to reappoint him after it has rejected him, then the Senate has no real voice in the matter, and the form of asking its consent is a ridiculous one. The subject is one of no small importance, and we trust that the present conflict between the executive and legislative departments will lead to a settlement of these questions upon a new and sound basis.

We should much regret, however, to see the appointment of revenue officers committed to the Supreme Court, as proposed by Mr. Kelley. No doubt it would just now greatly improve the character of the appointments, but it would eventually destroy the character of the court. The price is altogether too dear for the advantage to be gained. The impolicy of the measure is indeed so apparent that we cannot believe argument upon it to be necessary.

The reconstruction of the South will clearly be taken in hand by Congress in a more uncompromising spirit than at the previous session.

The rejection of the Constitutional Amendment by the entire South appears to be certain, and it is not likely that Congress will wait for any reconsideration of the subject. It is necessary that the South should be made to comprehend its position, and should no longer be allowed to suppose that it can dictate or even reject terms. Reconstruction is the duty of Congress, and not of the Southern States; nor has the former any more right to leave it to the option of the South whether the Union shall be restored, than it had in 1860 to leave it to Davis and Stephens to say whether the Union should be dissolved. The present condition of the South is not far removed from anarchy. If the governments set up by Mr. Johnson are legitimate State governments, they are entitled to representation in Congress. If they are not entitled to this, they are bald usurpations, having no more claim to recognition than the Empire of Mexico. This is a condition of affairs in which Congress has no moral right to leave any part of the Union. Whether the people immediately concerned prefer anarchy or not, the interest of the whole people of the United States forbids that anarchy should be tolerated in any State. And this, we think, will be the decision of Congress at its present session.

The situation of Mr. Johnson is certainly pitiable. Not many days will pass before he will be deprived of all his strength; and he is even now utterly without influence, even in the party which gives him a nominal support. His continuance in office may lead to positively beneficial results, in bringing about a reduction of the Executive power, which has been growing so dangerously of late years. Distrusted by all parties, there will be no determined opposition to any reasonable measure for limiting his power, and thus a benefit may be conferred upon the nation which never could have been looked for from a legislature acting in harmony with the executive department.

The President's Message is really not worth commenting on. It repeats the old arguments for the unconditional admission of Southern representatives, but plainly with a discouraged spirit. It is not bellicose toward foreign powers, for which we may be thankful. As it could not be expected to do any good, it is some relief to be able to say that it will do no harm. Like its author, it is without influence and without importance. Congress is now, practically, the entire Government of the United States. A great responsibility therefore rests upon it. We are glad that it is disposed to be thorough in its work, that it is fearless and resolute. We hope that it will cast aside all demagoguism, and act with prudence, steadiness, and wisdom, as well as with courage and firmness.

We feel bound to protest once more, however, against the practice with which the session has been opened, of stifling debate by the use of the "previous question." We repeat that a legislature which decides without discussing, and refuses to hear the minority, is guilty of as great a scandal as a judge who decides without hearing both parties. What with the custom of framing measures secretly in committee, and bringing them before the House simply for the purpose of reading them, and the custom of gagging the minority by the "previous question" on all occasions of importance, Congress is rapidly losing the character of a deliberative body. An assembly which legislates without deliberating is little better, or may become little better, than an elective camarilla. Half a dozen men may shape all its action, secretly, and the main body vote under their orders without taking the trouble to think, much less to give reasons for their opinion. The fact that the President has now been reduced to comparative insignificance, and that Congress is virtually in possession of the Government of the country, instead of exempting it from the necessity of debate and deliberation, render debate and deliberation more necessary than ever. To pass a bill taking away from him a power conferred by a previous Congress, as has just been done, without saying one word in explanation, is in the highest degree discourteous. It may be said that his conduct has deprived him of all claim to courtesy, and perhaps it has; but no misconduct of which he or any one else may be guilty can in the least degree diminish the obligation under which Congress lies to do all things decently and in order, to preserve its own character and the character of its proceedings free from reproach, and to show proper respect to the people whom it serves. No mark of that respect is more important than a rigid observance of the time-honored parliamentary practice of arguing before voting. The practice of voting without arguing is still

in its infancy, and Mr. Johnson's excesses, and the excitement of the war, blind the public, we fear, to its danger. But it cannot be checked a minute too soon. It will, if allowed to run, develop a temper amongst politicians which would soon make representative institutions a sorry farce.

THE CASE OF SENATOR PATTERSON.

Now that the Senate of the United States has come together, it can do no better thing, in our opinion, than to take up the case of Mr. Patterson, one of the senators from Tennessee, for such action as shall befit the dignity of the Senate and of the law of the land.

The facts of Mr. Patterson's case are as follows: For the better understanding of them, it should be borne in mind that on July 2, 1862, Congress passed a law which provides that "every person elected or appointed to any office of honor or profit under the Government of the United States . . . shall, before entering upon the duties of the office, . . . take and subscribe the following oath." This oath is what is sometimes called the iron-clad oath. It need not be detailed here. The only clause of it which concerns this case is the following: "That I have neither sought nor accepted nor attempted to exercise the functions of any office whatever under any authority or pretended authority in hostility to the United States." This remains the law of the land, unrepealed and unaltered.

Now, as our readers will recollect, when Tennessee, just at the heel of the last session, adopted the Constitutional Amendment, the House of Representatives at once admitted the members from that State. In the Senate, the credentials presented by Mr. Patterson were, on motion, referred to the Judiciary Committee, it being understood that the facts of his case were as the report of the committee afterwards showed them to be. On the 27th of July the report of the committee was presented. It showed that in May, 1854, Mr. Patterson was elected judge of one of the circuits in Eastern Tennessee. His term of office had not expired when the State seceded. In May, 1862, an election was held for a judge to take the same place, and he was re-elected, his opponent being a thorough rebel. Harris, who was then the secession governor of Tennessee, sent him his commission, with a peremptory order that he should accept the office and take the oath of office. The Union men about him advised and urged him to take the place, because by doing so he would be able, to some extent, to protect Union men in that region, and he went before a magistrate and took the oath of office, swearing that he would support the constitution of Tennessee and the constitution of the Confederate States, but he declared at the time that he owed no allegiance to the Confederate States, and did not consider that part of the oath binding on him at all. He did, however, exercise the functions of the office, though not to any great extent.

The report of the committee also bore full testimony to the true Unionism of Mr. Patterson and to the good motives which led him to accept the office, and it closed by recommending the passage of a resolution "That Hon. David T. Patterson is duly qualified and entitled to hold a seat in the Senate of the United States as senator from Tennessee."

This report was at once attacked by several senators, prominent among whom was Senator Trumbull. While they gave full credit to Mr. Patterson's Unionism, yet they urged that there was no doubt of the fact that he had executed the functions of this office under the authority of the seceded State of Tennessee and the Confederate States, and they could not, therefore, vote that he was duly qualified to sit in the Senate, in the face of the law of 1862, which provided that no one should sit there without swearing that he had done no such thing. They expressed themselves, however, in favor of a special exemption of Mr. Patterson from the requirements of that law, and, accordingly, as a substitute for the resolution reported by the committee, a joint resolution was proposed that Mr. Patterson "be admitted to his seat upon taking the usual oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and upon taking so much of the oath prescribed by the act of July 2, 1862, as is not included in the following words," setting out the clause of the oath which we have quoted above.

No objection could be taken to the manner of this proposed action. It proposed to repeal the act of July 2, 1862, so far as Mr. Patterson was concerned. The joint resolution, accordingly, went to the House,

for a law can only be repealed by the action of both Houses. When it came up in the House, it gave rise at once to an animated debate, in which the members from Tennessee took a prominent part. They were divided in their views. Mr. Maynard urged the passage of the resolution, but Mr. Stokes referred to a previous declaration of his, that he "would freeze to his seat before he would vote to repeal the test oath," and repeated it with emphasis. Those who opposed the resolution urged very strongly the impolicy of repealing that oath in the very first instance in which it was found to be an obstacle to getting into Congress, saying that one such exemption made every other one almost inevitable. The House accepted their view of the question, and laid the joint resolution on the table by the decisive vote of 88 to 31. This action left the law as it was before.

The Senate, on the 28th, took up Mr. Patterson's case again. A resolution was introduced "That Hon. David T. Patterson, on taking the oath required by the Constitution and the laws, be admitted to his seat as senator from Tennessee," and after some debate it passed by the vote of 21 to 11; and, thereupon, Mr. Patterson took the oath, including the clause which we quoted at first, and took his seat.

The Senate adjourned next day, so that there was then no opportunity to take any action in the matter at all. Would it be proper for them to take any now?

It was always seen that there were two ways in which the test oath might be done away with, even while the act establishing it remained upon the statute book. The first way was that Congress might be induced to make such special exceptions to it as would practically destroy its efficacy. It was the feeling that this might occur, and the determination not to allow it, that led the House to refuse to repeal the law in Mr. Patterson's case, as the Senate was ready to do. The House felt that if it yielded on the first application to make an exception to the general prohibitions of the act, it would be almost impossible to avoid making many more. This one case would be like opening one hole in a dam, very small of itself, but quite sure to sweep away the whole structure.

The other way in which the test oath can be nullified is in overriding it by perjury. The men who were guilty of perjury when they went into the rebellion would not hesitate to be guilty of it again, if only by so doing they could gain an undisturbed admission into the seats of national power. Only let it be understood that a man who is willing to take the oath is to have his seat without further question, and the most violent and unscrupulous rebels are just the ones who would gain entrance into Congress from the Southern States. If there were no question of dignity about it, the plainest principle of self-preservation would seem to require that the taking of that oath *falsely* should not have the same effect as taking it with truth. And surely the dignity of Congress, if there be such a thing, will not allow a man who has committed perjury in order to obtain his seat to be received on terms of equality with the other members. If there is anything which would justify expulsion, that would surely justify it.

Now, Mr. Patterson has sworn to that which was false in order to obtain his seat. He has sworn that he has never "accepted or attempted to exercise the functions of any office whatever under any authority or pretended authority in hostility to the United States," knowing that he has accepted and exercised the functions of judge under the authority of the secession government of Tennessee and of the Confederacy. These are the facts, and no sophistry can wipe them out or do away with them. Every man who can read the oath must say at once that Mr. Patterson, when he took it, swore to what he knew to be false.

Moreover, the Senate in the action which it took declared to him in advance that that was the way in which his taking the oath must be understood. The joint resolution making the exception in his case was urged and passed on that very ground, that Mr. Patterson could not truly take the oath, and the passage of that resolution binds every man who voted for it as a declaration that Mr. Patterson's taking it would be perjury; for if he could take the oath, what necessity was there for the exception in his favor? The question, therefore, comes home to the Senate for consideration, "Is a man who has taken a false oath for the purpose of securing his seat in the Senate a fit occupant of

it? Is a perjurer to be allowed to remain a senator of the United States?" To this there can be, as it seems to us, but one answer.

We know very well all the arguments that were urged to excuse Mr. Patterson for accepting the judgeship. They do not change the fact that he did accept it. They make his oath none the less a false one. They were strong arguments in favor of making the special repeal of the law in his favor, but they are no justification for his open violation of it.

It is a great pity that the first case of the kind should have come up as this one has. If the man who took the false oath had been one of the violent rebels, there would no doubt have been great alacrity in casting him out, and the precedent once established, would have been more easily followed up. But it is none the less important that the precedent should be established, and it will be a good thing for the country if every leader in the rebellion shall be compelled, by the action of the Senate, to say to himself: "If the Senate expelled a Union man from East Tennessee because he took the test oath falsely, there is no use in my presenting myself to enter Congress, for, however willing I might be to take the oath, I am thoroughly persuaded that, with my antecedents, I should be expelled from my seat if I took that oath to get it."

The Senate should place itself in this position, or it should repeal the law of July, 1862, for such a law should not remain upon the statute book merely to be despised and trodden under foot.

AMREETA WINE.

SHE rose up from the golden feast,
And her voice rang like the sea:
"Sir Knight, put down thy glass and come
To the battlement with me!

"That was a charmèd wine thou drankst,
Signed white from heaven, signed black from hell;
Alas! alas! for the bitter thing
The sign hath forced thy lips to tell!"

"Ho here! ho there! Lift up and bear
My choice wine out," she said;
"That which hath brand of a clasping hand,
And the seal blood-red.

"Ho here! ho there! To the castle stair
Bear all that branded wine;
And dash it far, where the breakers are
Whitest, by the brine!

"Let no man dare to shrink or spare,
Or one red drop to spill;
Of the endless pain of that wine's hot stain
Let the salt sea bear its fill!

"O woe of mine! O woe of thine!
O woe of endless thirst!
O woe for the Amreeta wine,
By fate and thee accurst!"

The Knight spake words of sore dismay,
But her face was white like stone;
She saw him mount and ride away,
And made no moan!

The wind blew east, the wind blew west,
The airs from sepulchres;
No royal heart in all of them
So dead as hers!

NOVEMBER 5.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Nov. 16, 1866.

THE matter which still appears to occupy the ordinary British mind above all others is ritualism. Every newspaper is full of defences or denunciations, principally the latter; for, outside the clergy, the supporters are far from numerous. I would not trouble you with any further remarks upon this subject, upon which I dwelt sufficiently in my last letter, except to mention the last rather curious illustration of the tendencies of Young

England. Baliol College, Oxford, has for many years been the most distinguished of the Oxford colleges for the intellectual character of the students. It has carried off a share of university honors quite disproportionate to its size. Amongst its leading men, Professor Jowett has long occupied a prominent place and exercised a great influence upon the undergraduates. This makes it the more singular that Baliol has lately become the focus of the ritualist movement at Oxford. The pranks which the young gentlemen have been playing have been proportional to their zeal and youth. They collected a number of costly vestments, so valuable, indeed, that, as I am told, the collection was insured for £4,000. Not content with this, they got themselves up in gorgeous semi-clerical costumes to perambulate the streets. They celebrated matins or complines or some other service in one of the students' rooms with all possible solemnity; and as one kind of excitement generally leads to others, they have taken to unusually high gambling, which, I may remark in passing, is *not* a common vice amongst English students, whatever novelists may say to the contrary. However, it is now said that at Baliol they have high mass and "unlimited loo" on alternate evenings. It was attempted to get up similar practices in other colleges. At Brazenose, where a collection of vestments had been formed, the other students broke into the room, and, after parading the dresses about the courtyard, made a grand bonfire of the whole concern. The mass, in fact, of the students look upon all such demonstrations with irrepressible contempt. Meanwhile the movement has brought forth its natural fruit in sending four or five converts to the Roman Catholic Church. All this fancy for dress and music in the place of religion is rather humiliating; it shows far less genuine vigor than the more famous Tractarian movement of thirty years ago. The *Saturday Review* combines with a general tendency to Sadduceism in most matters a certain sneaking kindness for the High Church, which it probably owes to Mr. Beresford Hope, one of the chief proprietors. But even the *Saturday Review* has found this kind of thing too much for its taste, and has denounced it accordingly. Of course, the statements it makes have been flatly contradicted; but I have good reason to believe that they are substantially true.

Whilst the poor old Church suffers from this malady in some of her limbs, she has found it equally impossible to get rid of that thorn in her side, Dr. Colenso. A decision was given the other day in his favor by Lord Romilly. The points upon which the decision turned did not, however, involve the question as to his orthodoxy, but merely as to the legal position of the Church of England in the colonies. The Bishop of Cape Town assumed to exercise jurisdiction over Dr. Colenso, as Bishop of Natal; and it was decided by the Privy Council that this was beyond his powers. It was then argued that this decision really established that Dr. Colenso was merely a bishop by name, and that, consequently, the trustees of a certain fund were not bound to pay him his salary. Lord Romilly, however, has decided that he is a genuine bishop, and must be paid. The Church of England in the colonies is in the same position as any other sect, in so far as it is in no way connected with the state; but its bishops have the legal power to ordain (whatever that amounts to), and when persons have voluntarily contracted to become members of the Church the contract may be enforced by the ordinary courts of law. All this is tiresome and technical enough; and the real question whether a bishop of the Church of England may disbelieve in the Flood, and disagree with Moses, and consider the Old Testament to be a collection of very unauthentic documents, has not yet been decided. I fancy myself that the bishop will not long find his position tenable. He has just started a new crotchet, which seems to imply that, having upset the Old Testament, he is beginning upon the New. He finds out, and, as I understand it, by a kind of arithmetical process, that we ought not to pray to the second person of the Trinity. He says that only a certain number of such prayers are to be found in the Bible, and that the percentage is too small to establish the right. I should have thought one was enough; but I am possibly misrepresenting him. At any rate, I doubt whether he will long retain his position in the Church.

It seems something like trifling to pay so much attention to these questions whilst others of far more practical importance are beginning to press upon us; but the British public has a wonderful taste for theological disputes. Still it is becoming evident that our attention will be called in a very different direction, or, I should rather say, in many very different directions, next session. Thus, for example, we cannot look at the processes now going on upon the Continent without feeling rather uneasy. The extension of Prussia means the extension of a system under which every adult is forced to be a soldier, and, in fact, the rise of a great military despotism. The French Emperor is not going to be outnumbered, and will spend next year in reorganizing his army; he says that it will evidently not do to have such a trifle as 600,000 men under arms. He must have something more worthy

of a great country. Meanwhile, we have great difficulty in keeping up our army of some 200,000, which has to encircle the globe with an unbroken strain of the military airs of England. (Pray forgive any inaccuracy in the reference.) It is difficult to get the required number of recruits. Ireland, which used to be the great recruiting ground, has become impoverished by the decided tendency of the population to transport themselves across the ocean. Moreover, neither the pay nor the treatment of the soldier has been improved in proportion to the general rise in wages of the laboring population. A commission, which has been sitting upon the subject, is about to report. Some of its recommendations have oozed out, and are apparently sensible so far as they go; but then they can do scarcely more than touch the outside of the subject. They tend chiefly towards improving the material condition of the soldier, giving him a pension upon easier terms, relieving him from certain burdens in the way of paying for his outfit, diminishing the quantity of drill required after a few years' service, and encouraging the soldier to practise useful trades instead. There is no doubt, from various revelations that have been lately made, that the private soldier has many grievances which ought to be removed. I had a conversation the other day with a very intelligent officer who had risen from the ranks, and was well acquainted with the state of feeling in the army. The substantial evils he mentioned are, that the soldier is harassed with a senseless amount of drill, having to go through the same monotonous course after he has been many years in the service; in fact, the whole effort has been, till lately, to reduce him to a mere machine, and to make him go through his movements with the perfection of an automaton, with as little intelligence as possible. When he leaves the service, he knows that he will be generally looked upon with disfavor; moreover, an intelligent man becomes discontented, because our present system tends to fill the ranks from the very lowest strata of society, and when there to encourage no amusements besides gross dissipation. It is no wonder that when men leave the army they sometimes find themselves regarded as a link between respectable persons and ticket-of-leave men. It is true, however, that considerable efforts have been made for the improvement of the soldier's position of late years, and with considerable success. The real difficulty is that an English officer seldom takes to the army as a settled profession. He is probably the idle son of a rich family, who buys a commission principally to get a sort of standing in society; throws it up, perhaps, in a few years, when he is tired of it, and never puts on his red coat when he is not obliged by the army regulations. He looks upon his position as one which gives him an excuse for hunting, or shooting, or indulging in society of various kinds to his heart's content, without being absolutely idle. Whilst the officers are composed to a great extent (though, of course, far from exclusively composed) of such men, it is very difficult to introduce any thorough reform. There is a general reluctance to work, and a tendency to leave the real management of military affairs to Providence. The consequence is that the position of the private soldier has never been such as to tempt any but the lowest classes. If the ranks are not filled, we must be content to look on quietly at the performances of such powers as France and Prussia without venturing to interfere, and be only thankful if they do not attempt to pay us a visit across the Channel. Under these circumstances the *Times* has lately given great prominence to certain letters proposing that a few corps of Sikh cavalry should be brought to England. It is said that they would consider it a great honor; that they are fully capable of bearing our climate, and that as light irregular cavalry they have scarcely any equals in the world. From the large type in which these letters are printed, I must suppose that the *Times* thinks there is really something in the proposal, and that Government have been seriously considering the matter. The *Times* has lately blundered so helplessly about domestic as well as about foreign affairs, that its opinions have less weight than formerly. Still it is possible that it may have some grounds for its supposition. That a few Sikhs might be brought over as a curiosity, and to give them a high notion of English power, I can easily understand; but that they should be brought over in any numbers is simply absurd. We were not very fond of the foreign legion in the Crimean war, and, indeed, had succeeded in forgetting its existence by the time that foreigners were enlisting in the United States armies. We then resolutely declared that we never could think of such a thing; at all events I am very clear that, much as we disliked filling up our army with recruits from Germany, we could never stand being held in awe by black "natives" from India. Their presence would produce such an explosion of wrath as no government could stand; whilst if we went to war, the habits of these black gentlemen would probably bring us into such discredit as is not pleasant to contemplate. As the *Daily News* observes, the right plan would be to bring these men into such discipline that we could spare the presence of a few white troops in India, and not to practise a dodge something like that of the Irishman who lengthened his blanket by cutting

off the bottom and sewing it on to the top. The fact is, that if we are to be capable of raising armies, at a moment's notice, sufficient to grapple with the gigantic armies of foreign despotisms, we must go in for some much more extensive measure. No mere tinkering and patching would be of the slightest use. It would doubtless be possible, by improving the existing organizations of our militia and volunteers, to obtain a force which, for defensive purposes at least, would be amply sufficient. We should require, however, to introduce some form of conscription, and for that we are perhaps hardly prepared.

There has been a great deal of talk, in connection with the same subject, as to the performances of our iron-clad fleet, which has just been out for a cruise. The everlasting controversies which are always raging as to guns and armor-plates, and the ships to carry them, are, I frankly confess, altogether beyond my comprehension. Every one is always denouncing the plans of every one else with almost theological acrimony. An armor-plate sets up for being invulnerable; then a gun knocks a hole through it; then a dispute arises who invented the gun; then there is a further question as to whether a ship could carry the gun, or whether it could carry the armor-plates, and if so, what form of ship or gun or armor-plate is best; whilst every combatant is giving the lie to his neighbor, a new experiment is tried which upsets the former one, and the whole dispute has to be gone into again. The cruise of the iron-clads raised the dust of so many controversies as to the merit of ships and guns and armor-plate and machinery, that I, having no professional knowledge, can merely look on and hope that in time some sort of result will emerge. Half the newspapers say that the fleet is a great success, and is, at any rate, better than that of any or all other European powers. The other half say that it is a gigantic monument of money thrown away. I suppose the truth to lie between the two. I suspect that other iron-clad fleets on this side the water, at any rate, are no better than ours, if so good, but that we have still a number of blunders to remedy. We have at present only two or three of the cupola-ships or monitors, which, as I believe, most qualified men admit to be the plan which must ultimately succeed; two of them are those rams which Mr. Laird was building for the Confederate Government, and which were seized by ours in the autumn of 1863.

Two of our great national festivals have occurred since I wrote to you last—the fifth of November, when we celebrate the fact that Guy Fawkes did not blow up the Houses of Parliament; and the ninth of November, which is both Lord Mayor's day in London and the birthday of the Prince of Wales. Both of these festivities have become somewhat obsolete, and it is curious to see the shabby and draggled condition of the pageants to which they give occasion. Certainly a foreigner who judged our capacity for public ceremonials by these displays would form a very low estimate of our powers. A few Guy Fawkes were carried round by dirty boys, begging us to remember the fifth of November, and imploring "a stick or a stake, for Victoria's sake," which is a poetical way of demanding halfpence; and at Oxford and Cambridge some half-dozen undergraduates commemorated the same grand constitutional crisis by having personal encounters with as many roughs. The list of casualties, so far as I have seen it, consists of a bloody nose administered to a youthful marquis at Cambridge. The Lord Mayor's procession on the ninth is, of all processions (except that of Guy Fawkes), the most ludicrous. Traffic is stopped in the main London streets for half a day, and the pickpockets reap a rich harvest; the Lord Mayor and various city officials drive solemnly in heavy chariots from the Mansion House to Westminster Hall and back, accompanied by two or three bands and a squadron of the Horse Guards; the Lord Mayor has no honor in his own country, though he is generally believed in France to be next in honor to the Queen. This year, his name being Gabriel, he took great care to explain that he was not a Jew; but I don't know that any one would have cared if he had been. As for the enthusiastic loyalty which greeted the Prince's birthday, I may say that at least fifty shops in London had an illuminated P. W. over their windows in the evening. Some of them went so far as to add a star. Truly, public celebrations thrive badly here.

L. S.

THE GLUT IN THE FICTION MARKET.

It is told of Carlyle that once when he was thoroughly fatigued in body and mind by the labor of producing one of his works, and had then been almost thrown into despair because of the sudden and total destruction of his manuscript before a word of it had gone to the press, he shut himself up alone in his room and deliberately read through the complete works of Captain Marryatt. This singular proceeding certainly appears to have in it something of that quality of mind which earned for the sage of Chelsea from some of the irreverent the title of "The Incoherent Thomas." He

was able, though, to give a sound reason for his seemingly absurd and inconsequent behavior. He wanted, he said, to induce in his mind a perfect vacuity of thought, and could hit upon no other expedient better adapted to his purpose. Why he should have chosen Captain Marryatt in preference to a hundred or two others it is not easy to see. We may plausibly account for it by supposing that one day in the times when he plied the birch at Ecclefechan school he had occasion to confiscate certain dirty-looking paper-covered books then undergoing a surreptitious reading, and himself cast a philosophic eye over their contents and marvelled what manner of man this captain in the royal navy could be. We believe he found his experimental course of *Phantom Ships* and *Snarleyvow the Dog-Fiend* and *Smallbones* and *Lieut. Vanslyperken* and *Midshipman Easy* and the ward-room life on board *H.M.S. Calliope* all that he expected, and since reads no more novels.

From late information we infer that the British public in general are getting to be of his mind. News comes from the other side of the water that Mudie's and the other great circulating libraries no longer order each new novel by the hundred or the thousand, as has been their practice hitherto. If at first this seems almost incredible, a longer consideration makes it appear extremely probable, and, indeed, almost necessarily true. It is true enough that now for a long time of novels from the British press—not of single volumes but of separate works, and not inclusive of reprints but of new books, and not inclusive of translations but exclusively of books of home production—the issues have been on an average about two a week. Suppose this "vicious fecundity" to have lasted for thirty-six years, since 1830, in which year the crop of fictions gathered into the British Museum was one hundred and one works, then in the eighteen hundred and seventy-two weeks since that time there have been printed in Great Britain and Ireland about three thousand seven hundred and forty-four novels, and to this mass of fictitious literature we must add before the reckoning is complete an enormous, an almost incalculable, heap of short stories and tales and sketches for magazines. If, now, it should seem not possible that a people demonstrably so infatuated with novel-reading, for which this vast quantity of novel-writing is done, should ever learn to do without it and dislike it, we must remember that the vast quantity itself which they have already devoured is the best of reasons why their stomachs should at last begin "to loathe this light food."

For how old a story the modern novel has latterly got to be! And, of course, there are plenty of reasons why this should be so. "Mankind," according to that Jacobin whom Emerson once met,—"mankind is a d—d fool." At any rate, it is never very probable, we may say, that the thought which the mass of novelists will be able to offer their readers will be anything particularly new or good. And as to imagination, of what value to anybody would be the imaginations of a fool of the kind above specified? So the great majority of our fellow-creatures, it should seem, are disqualified for the production of novels, we do not say enduring, but enduring. And, in point of fact, the creators of characters in each generation of writers may usually be counted on the fingers. Even of creators of character, by no means every one after he has conceived and formed his characters is able to so manage their inter-relations, so contrive their action on each other, and join consequence to adequate cause, as to make his creations seem like rational animals. At any given period, then, the conditions being so severe, there may possibly be living in the world a single consummate artist in this species of writing. Writing in any one language there may perhaps be one or two great novelists and three or four clever ones, and the scores upon scores of others will constitute the herd, and supply us with our *Cudjo's Caves* or our *Miss Gilbert's Careers*—that is, with novels without novelty, with simulacra of characters for characters, and guiltless of thought, or guilty of false thinking and false sentiment.

How aged most of the incidents are. It was sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago, when Lucius of Corinth, being on his way to Hypata, in Thessaly, fell in with Aristomenes, the commercial traveller, who beguiled the time by relating his adventures at a certain inn. For years past, and for years to come, many a Mr. Baggs has told, and will tell, his similar tales to the readers of English periodicals. And if there are any more lives of noted highwaymen remaining to be written, we suppose the *Clipper* will show us once again the robbers' cave precisely as Apuleius describes it for us, and as we have since had it in the history of Sixteen-String Jack and Turpin, and Paul Clifford and Gil Blas, and, not to name a myriad others, the Knight of La Mancha. It was fifteen or sixteen centuries ago that Theagenes, happening to go into the temple at Delphos, found there the beautiful Chariclea, and became at once enamored; and what man will undertake to compute the great cloud of heroines—Italians, Spaniards, and French and English, and dwellers in the isles of the sea—who have cap-

tivated the heroes under the same circumstances. We make no doubt that the lives of a pair of lineal descendants of Heliodorus's harassed lovers will be put on record in the January number of "Harper's." Something like this it may be:

"Yes, it was settled that the church should be trimmed for Christmas, and we young people were glad—the rest, because of the merry meetings when the evergreen was gathered; and I, because my artistic nature craved better food than the bleak, bare walls, and the pine-backed seats of our meeting-house. Ah! how I longed in those days for glorious Italy and divine Florence, and the crowned Niobe of nations tiaraed with the dome of Angelo! And though Aunt Eunice and the deacon thought it "right down popery," yet I think they were not ill-pleased when the stately Mrs. Havisham, our pale, aristocratic neighbor, who had recently bought the great house, and filled it with such statuary as my eyes hungered to see, drove up in her pony carriage, and insisted that 'Miss Carrie [Chariclea] must, at once come up to the church.'" We shall read how Chariclea pleaded that the hospital patients needed her services, and the sewing for the soldiers was unfinished; but how Mrs. Havisham still insisted and urged that "your deft white hands and your artist sense are absolutely needed," and told her how that smallest sketch—"the weird, wild sky, the pallid green ocean, the shallop, with its one figure, driven upon the close-reefed shore"—had wonderfully impressed the great artist, Merle Danforth, who had emphatically declared that Miss De Lorme's talents were God-given, and should be cultivated, and how, at last, though her dress was rather scant for the bitter weather, and she knew she should meet Keene Vandyke and Isopel Kavanaugh, and Dr. Effingham and Hal Lenoir, she decided to go, and "went accordin'"; and how Tracy Havisham (Theagenes) arriving to visit his sister, gazed intently at her with clairvoyant eyes of mystic power; how, finally, despite Isopel Kavanaugh, and forged letters, and suppressed letters, and a wild purchase of railroad ticket and a dream-like ride to a city where Merle Danforth might be found, and despite a fever and a declaration of love from Merle, she grew in the art-sense, painted more weird pictures, and, at last, married Tracy Havisham.

The future writer in "Harper's," as well as the past writers in that magazine, who are indebted to the early romancers, sin in a great company; like mathematicians, as you may say, they "go with numbers to do evil." For, in regard to this particular novel of the Bishop of Tricca's, those learned in these things count among his imitators, or among those who have stolen from him, Achilles Tatius, and half a dozen other Greek storytellers—Gomberville, Scuderi, Guarini, D'Urfé, Tasso, Richardson, Hardy, Dorat—and of these each in turn has his imitators.

And as we come down the ages and reach the times when novels divide themselves into various particular classes, the case is no better, but worse. The characters are old acquaintances, the combinations have either all been made before, or are not worth making, or both, and the book gets itself read by virtue of some small thing which differences it from its brethren and sisters, or because its brethren and sisters have gone to undeplored forgetfulness. Why should a veteran customer of Mudie's read any more of the ordinary novels? He discerns the end from the beginning, and he is familiar with all the stages by the way, in all the novels—the novel of English life and manners; of Scotch or Irish life and manners; of American life and manners; the military or naval novel; the ecclesiastical novel; the muscular Christianity novel; the novel that dissects the hero and reveals his melancholy heart and moody mind, and puts them together again, and marries him at last, and so solves the problem of the universe; the novel of crime; the detective novel, and all the rest. What a weariness it must, by this time, have become to the veteran to think of going down, by still another express train, to one more country house, where he shall see the same dowagers, the same wit, the same captains in the East India Company or the Queen's service; the same big woman and the same small one, and assist at the regular lunching and cricket and croquet and love-making; and, by-and-by, the man of business comes down, and there is a contested election and the return of Lionel, or there is an elopement and the flight of Lady Agnes. And then to think of returning to town and meeting the old set at the clubs, in both Houses of Parliament, at the ride in the Park where he meets her, at the evening party where he and she dance, in the dining-room whence the old lord retires to his blue-books, in the richly-furnished bachelor's apartments where the young baronet discovers, the day after the Derby, that he is ruined, and where he meditates matrimony, or whence he sets out for Calais and a Spa. Why should not he know who has patronized Mudie for ten years whose arm is to be broken in the first volume, and whom the sufferer is to marry; whether or not there is to be an elopement; who is the real murderer; where the missing will is hid; what has become of the lost son; whether or not young Gully, full of pluck, will be able, by smok-

ing a short black pipe and reading hard and swimming on the coast of Devonshire, to convince himself that he has a soul to be saved, that Christianity is the thing to save it, and that Queen Elizabeth had auburn and not red hair; and whether Mopeington Crevecoeur, who is conscious of his inside, will or will not achieve true nobility of character and a practical if not critical knowledge of the New Testament by giving up lying and lyrical poetry and light food, and taking to service in the Crimean war and a beard and more pluck?

The patron of Mudie's knows, as well as if he had made them himself, the noble but too free-handed and somewhat embarrassed Irish gentleman who has one lovely daughter; the other Irish gentleman, not so noble but equally free-handed and even more embarrassed, who has five or six strapping daughters and a fighting son in the army, and dogs galore, who lives to hunt and drink, and whose tenantry resist judicial process; the young lady who lets the poet love her but wants the duke, whereby cultivation and gain through sorrow accrue to the poet; the young gentleman, Mordaunt, a favorite of women of the world and respected by men, who is the soul of honor, has nursed his genius in solitude, goes to college, where he forms a friendship with Trevelyan the future statesman, and learns to quote Plotinus and Tully, and distinguish between the Ideal with a big I and ideal without one. He is familiar, perhaps to the point of contempt and past it, with the young gentleman who takes a double-first and distinguishes himself at the bar; with the rector who leans towards cross-bearers and incense; with the whist-playing rector, whose wife the butcher hates; with the bluff young man with the cynical mouth and kindly eyes, who has the air of putting his young friends in his waistcoat-pocket and talking gruffly to them, but who, under the influence of tobacco, appears to be a man with a hidden grief which he fights with and grandly buttons into a Petersham coat; with the yellow-headed murderess and the purple-browed magnificent leopardeess of a bigamist, and the grey-faced female poisoner in whose thin cheek no blush arises when she is tried in court; with the Alpine tourist and the young lady who sighs all up the Rhine, but in Florence, in the picture gallery, sees Edward watching her; with the absentee landlord and the billiard-sharper, the banker and the reviewer, the Jew money-lender and the bailiff, the policeman and the governess, and the solitary horseman, and the faker with his "nix my dolly, pals," the young man who has a place, and the good-natured young man who shoots and is never in the way, and thousands more too numerous and too well known to mention. Unless he has Carlyle's excuse, the aged novel-reader may as well stop his subscription. And there is no good reason why the American reader should persevere longer than his British cousin. He has already read the Scarlet Letter and The House of Seven Gables, and the Blithedale Romance, and half a dozen of Cooper's, and two of Mrs. Stowe's—and if he has not read also some of Miss Prescott's and Hot Corn and Queechy and several others he is very lucky—and he may as well stop. Somebody may perhaps by-and-by invent something which will be an improvement on our realistic school of writing fiction and our doctrinal dead-in-earnest and dead novel, and then the regiments of people who have to have a model, having a new one, may be less tiresome than at present, and Mudie's Fiction Department may reach again its old importance. Meantime we have among us still the woman who wrote Romola, and the man who, if he did write Our Mutual Friend, wrote David Copperfield, and was father and sponsor of Mr. Richard Swiveller, and of Mr. Samuel Weller and his Prooshian Blue of a parent Mr. Tony Weller; and we may be thankful, too, for the writer of Christie Johnstone and The Cloister and the Hearth, and for the author of that work of a good heart, John Halifax, Gentleman.

Fine Arts.

MARSHALL'S PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN.

THE papers are full of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields's advertisements of the engraved portrait, by Mr. W. E. Marshall, of the late President Lincoln. The testimonies to its value as a likeness of the man are unusually well worth reading. Thus, Mr. Herndon, his partner in business for many years, whose portrait in words of his great associate was so curious and interesting, writes to the engraver in praise of the portrait, and, after hazarding a definition of art, which leads him to the extraordinary conclusion that this engraved head "is a work of the highest art," goes on with what is more to the purpose. "The organs and features of the face are true to nature. The artist has caught Mr. Lincoln in kindness, tenderness, and reflection combined, and, in my humble judgment, this is the best portrait of Mr. Lincoln I have seen. . . . Those who never had the pleasure of seeing the original may rest assured that the expression of organ and feature and mood

of the man are well caught, expressed, and preserved." Testimonials from several men who knew him well—as from Mr. Hamlin, Senators Sumner and Trumbull, Secretary Stanton, Justice Chase, and Speaker Colfax—nearly agree in terms, and unite in asserting the engraved likeness to be very accurate in features and in expression, and true to the calmer moods of a man whose face was mobile and a mirror of his thoughts. Mr. Whittier's most interesting little note declares it a likeness of "the speaker at Gettysburg and the writer of the second inaugural," whose bodily presence the writer of this commendation scarcely knew.

Throughout Mr. Lincoln's public life the photographers, we thought, were extraordinarily remiss in that no better picture of him appeared. Photography, of course, is but a poor and limited means of portraying a man's face; but it has its own peculiar powers. The picture of Mr. Lincoln with a large book on his lap and his son by his side showed what might have been done; other small pictures, especially profiles, had value. The care and pains spent in producing a worthless large "imperial" or touched with india-ink picture would have given the world something worth preserving. Photographs will not last for ever, it is true; but if better photographs had been made, some engraver, either at home or abroad, might have reproduced one of them in a less perishable form. Many portraits have been painted, especially since Mr. Lincoln's death. So far as we know them, it has been fortunate that none have been reproduced by engraving except that by Mr. Marshall, the engraver, who has first painted the picture now on exhibition at Mr. Schaus's gallery, and then engraved it in line. There have not been many instances among Americans of this twofold skill in art.

The painting has even more merit than that which the engraving undoubtedly has, as an expressional work. "The informing spirit of the man within," as Mr. Whittier says in his note, is in both, but more forcibly and unmistakably in the painting. The painting is a half-length, the figure is about life-size and standing erect, there are no accessories except a scrap of green curtain, there is nothing very refined in the execution, and the color is even disagreeable; nothing is there but a nearly successful attempt to render the expression of an expressive face. In the engraving the execution is perhaps better, in its way, than the execution of the painting. Though it cannot for a moment be compared to the best modern work, as, for instance, with the work of François Forster, or Lecomte, or the magnificent rendering of Delaroche's "Hemicycle" by Henriquel Dupont, it is yet not unskilful nor without strength, and we are glad that there is one artist in America who can engrave so large a head so well. But whatever shortcomings there are in the mechanical execution of the plate tell directly against the value of the engraved likeness, by injuring the expressiveness of the face, and giving to the whole picture a certain coarseness which it is very hard not to see. The slightly misshapen lip of the painting is exaggerated and the nose much changed in shape in the engraving, and both changes are for the worse in regard to both beauty and truth. An "artist's proof" impression of this at twenty dollars is the best portrait of Mr. Lincoln one can get; and, being so, we wish it were still better than it is.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, and 63 Bleecker Street, New York.

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